

CUMBERLAND'S
No. 94. MINOR THEATRE. Pr. 6d.
 BEING A COMPANION TO
Cumberland's British Theatre.

THE OCEAN OF LIFE;

OR, EVERY INCH A SAILOR:

A NAUTICAL DRAMA IN THREE ACTS,
 By JOHN THOMAS HAINES, Esq.
 Author of *My Poll* and *My Partner Joe*, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY

With Remarks, Biographical & Critical,
 By D—G.

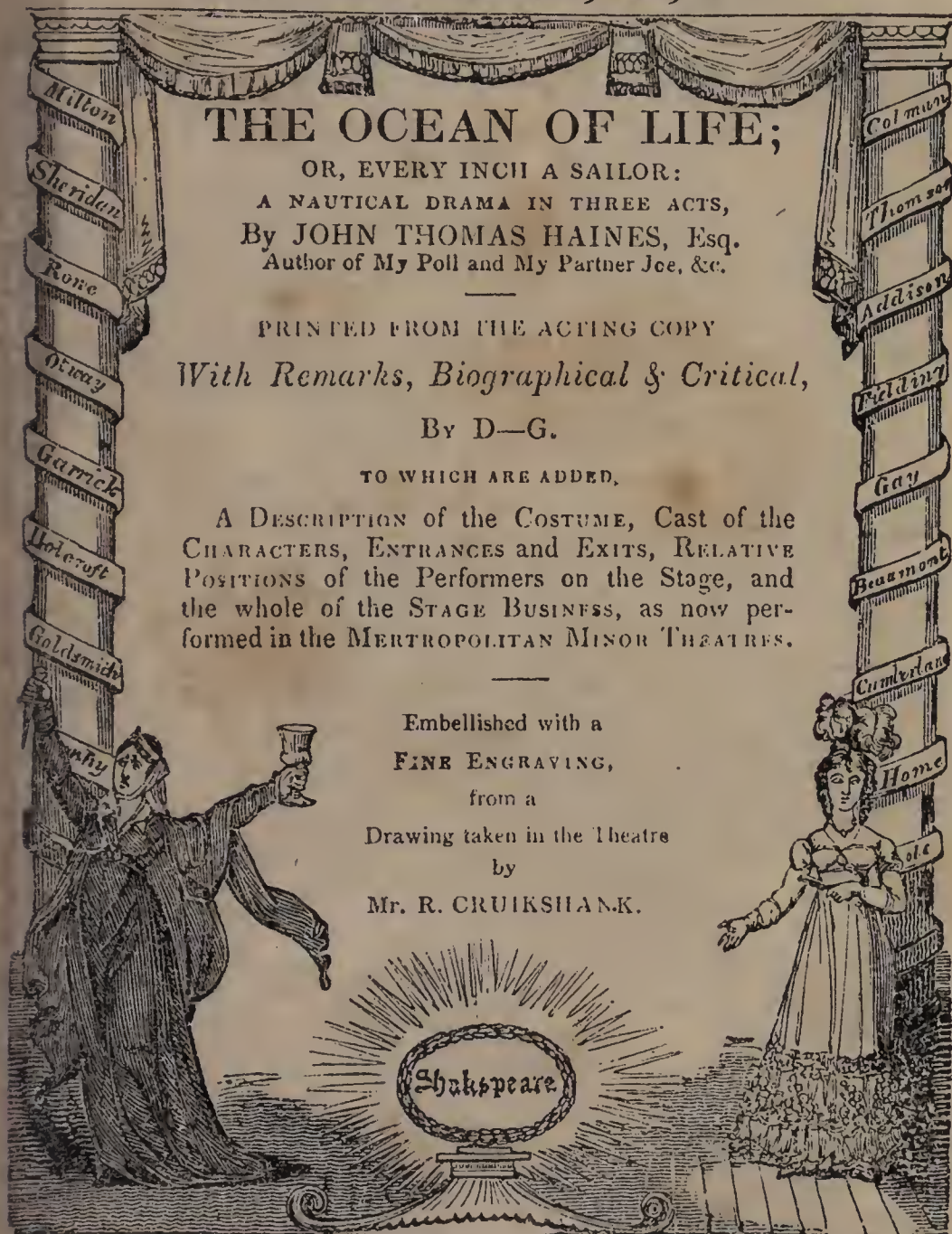
TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the
 CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS, RELATIVE
 POSITIONS of the Performers on the Stage, and
 the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now per-
 formed in the METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

Embellished with a
 FINE ENGRAVING,
 from a

Drawing taken in the Theatre
 by

Mr. R. CRUIKSHANK.



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CUMBERLAND'S BRITISH AND MINOR THEATRE

WITH REMARKS BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

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R. Cruikshank, Del.

G. W. Bonner, Sc.

The Ocean of Life.

Mat Merriton. Bravely done!—I wouldn't wish a better or sharper hand at a gun in a hard chase. Well, my blackbirds! how do you like yourselves?

Act II. Scene 2.

THE OCEAN OF LIFE, OR, "EVERY INCH A SAILOR:"

A NAUTICAL DRAMA,

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LONDON.

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REMARKS.

The Ocean of Life.

THE commander of the General Ernouf (French sloop of war) hailed the Reynard sloop, Captain Coghlan, in English, to strike.—“Strike!” replied the Briton: “that I will, and very hard!” He struck so hard, that in thirty-five minutes his shot set the enemy on fire, and in ten minutes more she blew up. True to the school in which he had been taught, Captain Coghlan now displayed equal energy in endeavouring to rescue the vanquished enemy; and, by great exertions, fifty-five out of a crew of one hundred were ultimately saved. This anecdote requires no comment; ’tis indicative of the English Sailor.

The more frequently the lower orders are diverted from their pauper, political quacks, tap-room chants, and ribald obscenities, by striking incidents which rivet the attention, and keep the mind in a constant state of ardent anxiety and excitement as to the ultimate fate of the chief actors on the scene, the more they bid fair to prove decent members of society. We have good faith in the greasy rogues, though their sibilations be not the most judicious or the sweetest.—They have their majority in noise as well as numbers; and, with all their roughness, are sufficiently quick in detecting an absurdity, which a French audience, more refined and critical in these matters, who sit in raptures over a three hours’ dreary monotony of incomprehensible and inconceivable woe, are not. A slaughter-man, who, in the interval of killing, had strolled from a neighbouring abattoir to Père la Chaise, shedding tears like rain, and clasping his blood-stained hands, stood before the tomb of Abelard and Eloisa; while ever and anon he blubbered out, “*Oh! l’amour! l’amour!*” He then wiped his eyes with his professional apron, and returned to the slaughter-house. This in France is highly dramatic!

Mr. Haines, an ambidexter writer, who can make us grave as well as merry, has launched his muse on the Ocean of Life. We waltz at a creole hop, encounter black squaws and a white squall, and, after fifty marvellous mishaps, finally cast anchor in a London drawing-room; and all in the short space of two hours and a half! This is cheap travelling, and fairly distances the anticipated triumphs of rail-roads and steam. For quick locomotion, commend us to the old-fashioned *stage*, and the *box* seat!

And what pleasant fellow-passengers! Sir Timothy Tadpole, the last of that illustrious race of dealers in treacle and rushlights;—Jemmy Jumble, Marquis of Barbican, a travelling tailor, who has come to look after an invisible estate, that, like the Scotchman’s, is in Sky, or Ayr;—Skinrat, a methodistical trader in furs,

“Who, while poor people’s souls engross his pray’rs,
Their bodies may be damn’d, for all he cares!”—

Mat Merriton, a British tar;—and Miss Jemima Jenkinson, of the slip-slop family; who, having assumed the soubriquet of “honourable,” leaves no cap, flounce, bonnet, or furbelow unturned to trap the mushroom knight into matrimony. But her Barbicanian blandishments are thrown away on the cidevant retailer of red-herrings

and brick-dust; in his own classic phraseology, he pronounces them "no go;" his "*symphony*" (as Miss *Jemima* has it) is for the Honourable Miss *Morville*, who is on the eve of sailing from *Buenos Ayres* to *England* in the good ship *Rapid*.

"Some men," says *Coleridge*, "are like musical glasses—to produce their finest tones, you must keep them *wet*." Precisely of this description is the Marquis of *Barbican*, Duke of *Double Tripe*, who appears upon the scene after a six months' unprofitable ramble among the mosquitos, in quest of his missing plantation; his figure fined down to a thread-paper, his features running into the angles of a hatchet, his inside sorely drenched with what his outside is woefully is want of—*slops*, and his grace's ten toes peeping through the upper leathers of his boots! The odoriferous steam of the ex-chandler's savoury curry draws the sympathetic nostrils of the *Smithfield* peer to Sir *Timothy's At-Home*. He struts, rags and all, into the drawing-room, and introduces himself as the veritable *Jemmy* whom, when they were bed-fellows together at old *Ticklewell's* school, the knight night and day used to quilt right merrily. Mal a-propos recognition! The duke promises to sink the red-herrings and brick-dust, and put his thumb on the three-farthings' worth of treacle, provided the seams of his hull be well caulked, his stern new painted and pitched, and his entire man, outward and inward, rigged and victualled at Sir *Timothy's* expense. But acquaintances, like misfortunes, never come single. The Honourable Miss *Jemima*, who is debating with herself which candidate, Colonel *Whitybrown* or *Tim*, she shall honour with her hand for the next *cow-tillion*, runs plump against my Lord of *Barbican*, who, having recovered from the double shock of concussion and surprise, inquires the price of *cow-heel*; and, when Miss falls into a fit of the tantrums at the scarecrow apparition, and proclaims herself half ruined, asks with affectionate solicitude if the trotter-market is done up! A plot is laid by *Tadpole*, with the aid of a ruffianly crew, black and white, for the abduction of Miss *Morville*, previously to her embarking on board the *Rapid*; which is gallantly defeated by *Mat Merriton*, who henceforth becomes the tragic hero of the scene.

Let us hasten on board the *Rapid* :

"How gallantly she ploughs her way,
To *England's* shores returning back!"

Home, friends, and kindred in joyful perspective! But the omnipotent playwright, who rides on the dramatic whirlwind, and directs the storm of green cotton angry billows, and a pitiless hail shower of peas, conjures up a white squall, down goes the *Rapid*, and the survivors are east dripping on a desolate shore. *Hal Horstfield*, one of the villainous employées of Sir *Timothy*, now resolves to secure Miss *Morville* for himself; but *Mat*, her good genius, again circumvents him, by the energetic punctum of his big toe into the sphere of his rival's capacious seat of honour.

The dramatist's wand is still in full activity: an Indian village, with its grotesque party-coloured inhabitants, rises to our view, and offers fresh objects of interest. We have a white missionary, and probably a black one, who may take the following text, and thus expound it:—"Melchizedec without father, without mother, without descent."—"Dat mean for to say—without father, him have no daddy—without mother, him have no mammy—without déc-cent, dat mean for to say, without any genteel behavior at all!" To this community, *Isabella* passionately appeals for protection; when, to crown his rascality, and set resistance at defiance, *Hal* claims her as his wedded wife. A pause ensues—a dreadful uncertainty flashes across her maddened brain. *Mat Merriton* pleads his suit with more than

nautical eloquence; and urges her to prove the falsehood of the claim, and ensure the protection of the villagers, by uniting her fate with his. The danger is pressing, the persuasion irresistible;—the missionary marries them, and Isabella thus realises her early presentiment, that she shall one day become the wife of a sailor.

Two years elapse, and the principal characters find themselves in England. The mock Marquis, whose tight-braced paunch and vermillion nose bear blushing evidence of more stimulating bub and grub than fell to his lean lot at Buenos Ayres, has lost none of his good humour. "It is one thing," says Paley, "to be drunk, and another to be a drunkard." His grace has cut his barren Double Tripe Dukedom, and wets his whistle with double X. Miss Morville, safely moored in Grosvenor Square, is sorely persecuted to bestow her hand on an old admirer, Captain Blundell; Hal Horsfield has ferretted out his victim; and Mat Merriton arrives just in time to thwart the designs of his old enemy, and claim his lost true love. Such is the Ocean of Life, that flows with such a prosperous tide at the Surrey.

Mr. T. P. Cooke is the petted performer of our nautical dramatists, and with good reason; for his peculiar and original talent has created an entirely new species of Jack Tar, that owes none of his popularity to oaths and grog. He played Mat Merriton with his wonted rough and sturdy vigour; and made it one of those valuable stock-characters, which, packed up in his portmanteau for the provinces, is as profitable to him as consuls. Mr. Honner, on Mr. Cooke's sudden indisposition, undertook the part at two hours' notice, and acted it with so much skill and effect, as to astonish even those who well knew his professional industry and aptitude. Mr. Dillon's herculean stature, broad expansive face, stentorian voice, and quarter-deck swagger, fully realised the daring skipper, Hal Horsfield. It is something to have an actor of such extraordinary dimensions, physiognomy, and lungs! Miss Morville found a lady-like and affecting—not affected—representative in Miss Macarthy. A character, like a rump-steak, should never be overdone. But in what terms shall we eulogise Miss Martin, who is one of the best hoydens, slip-slops, and pert waiting-maids, on the boards? Her Miss Jemima Jenkinson, a "*woracious*" portrait of bedizened vulgarity, was excellently played up to by the Marquis, who out-did all his former out-doings in the Duke of Double Tripe. Mr. W. Smith is twice blessed in a rum voice and a Roman nose; the latter approximating in shape and colour to a lobster's claw. This important feature, with certain comical shrugs, winks, attitudes, and an uproarious spirit of larking and mummery, make him irresistible.



D.—G.

Costume.

SIR TIMOTHY TADPOLE.—Elegant red spotted dress coat—white breeches—silk stockings—shoes—opera hat.

CAPTAIN BLUNDELL.—*First dress*: Naval captain's undress uniform. *Second dress*: Post-captain's full dress—blue coat—gold epaulettes—star—breeches—silk stockings—shoes.

MR. MORVILLE.—Handsome old-fashioned suit.

WESTFIELD.—Black suit—silk stockings—shoes.

MR. ALLENSBY.—An old gentleman's handsome suit.

HAL HORSFIELD.—Striped Guernsey shirt—pea jacket—glazed hat—coarse blue stockings—shoes.

MAT MERRITON.—*First dress:* Sailor's blue jacket and trousers—straw hat. *Second dress:* Warrant officer's naval uniform.

JEMMY JUMBLE.—*First dress:* Light-blue short skirt coat, torn in the back—snuff-coloured trousers, patched, and very much torn—worn-out ankle boots—small hat. *Second dress:* Straw Indian dress—straw hat. *Third dress:* An old drab jacket—brown waistcoat—red breeches, with brown patches—stockings—shoes—red worsted cap. *Fourth dress:* Long gray old great coat—velvet collar and cuffs—boots—cotton neckerchief—very small hat.

TOPRAIL and GRATINGS.—Similar dresses to Hal Horsfield's.

SKINRAT.—Puritanical black suit.

CLIPCOIN.—Plain brown suit.

JACK PETERS.—Negro jacket and white trousers.

BLACK GEORGE.—Old blue jacket—brown breeches.

HONOURABLE ISABELLA MORVILLE.—*First dress:* Yellow satin. *Second dress:* White muslin. *Third dress:* Elegant white satin—gold neck chain.

MRS. MORVILLE.—Elegant pink satin.

MRS. SKINRAT.—Slate-coloured gown—Quakeress's bonnet—white apron.

MISS JEMIMA JENKINSON.—*First dress:* Splendid blue silk, trimmed with silver—white ostrich feathers. *Second dress:* Common pink check gown—bonnet and shawl. *Third dress:* Pink cotton gown, and straw bonnet.

MISS FANNY FUBBS.—*First dress:* Pink silk gown. *Second dress:* White muslin—pink apron,

Cast of the Characters,

As originally performed at the Royal Surrey Theatre, April 4, 1836.

<i>Sir Timothy Tadpole</i>	Mr. C. Pitt.
<i>Captain Blundell (of the Ariadne—afterwards Lord Blaydon)</i>	Mr. Maitland.
<i>Honourable Mr. Morville</i>	Mr. Goldsmith.
<i>James Westfield (a Missionary)</i>	Mr. Young.
<i>Mr. Allensby (Uncle to Isabella)</i>	Mr. Cullen.
<i>Hal Horsfield (Skipper of the Rapid Trader)</i>	Mr. Dillon.
<i>Mat Merriton (Boatswain's Mate of the Ariadne)</i>	Mr. T. P. Cooke.
<i>Jemmy Jumble (a Tailor in search of a Lost Estate)</i>	Mr. W. Smith.
<i>Tom Toprail</i>	{ Mr. Dunn.
<i>Giles Gratings</i>	
{ (Seamen of the Rapid)	
<i>Skinrat (a Trader in Furs)</i>	Mr. C. Dillon.
<i>Clipcoin (a Trader in Gold Dust)</i>	Mr. Asbury.
<i>Jack Peters (a Negro Servant to Sir Timothy)</i>	Mr. Dixie.
<i>Black George (Keeper of a Drinking Cabouse)</i>	Mr. Morelli.
	Mr. Wilson.
<i>The Honourable Isabella Morville</i>	Miss Macarthy.
<i>Mrs. Morville</i>	Mrs. W. Daly.
<i>Mrs. Skinrat</i>	Mrs. Stanley.
<i>Miss Jemima Jenkinson (afterwards Mrs. Tadpole)</i>	Miss Martin.
<i>Miss Fanny Fubbs</i>	Mrs. Lewis.

Traders, Seamen, Boatmen, Indians, Lasses, &c.

THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment and Gallery in the House of Sir Timothy Tadpole, at Buenos Ayres—through the pillars is seen the port and the ocean, vessels, &c.—a balustrade across the back, with steps descending to the water, c.—Music.*

Company discovered, extravagantly dressed—MISS JEMIMA JENKINSON most conspicuous—SIR TIMOTHY TADPOLE, followed by a Black Servant carrying refreshments, paying universal attention to the ladies—CAPTAIN BLUNDELL and MR. ALLENBY come forward, R.

Blu. Where is your lovely niece, Mr. Allenby?

All. She quitted the room just now with her aunt.

Blu. Oh, sir! dared I hope ever to call her mine, I should look forward to my cruize on this confounded station with comparative rapture; but I fear her heart is pre-engaged.

All. I have heard her express herself in the highest terms when speaking of Captain Blundell.

Blu. Oh, sir! do not raise a hope which may never be realized: she sails this evening for old England.

All. Having finished the business which brought me here, I have secured a passage in the *Rapid*; our property is already on board.

[Sir Timothy Tadpole and Miss Jemima Jenkinson advance, L.

Jem. I declare, now, Sir Timothy Tadpole, you are monstrously provoking! I appeal to Captain Blundell, whether we of the *bong-tong* ought to touch anything from that nasty black nigger fellow.

Sir T. Most divine Miss Jemima, as the immortal Shakspeare said, "a man's a man, for aw' that." Niggers are men; and humanity teaches us to make them slaves.

Jem. The filthy creatures ! I can't abide them !

Blu. (R.) Miss *Jemima* is of that *Diana-like* nature, that to all men she is as ice.

Jem. Oh, no, captain ; I have my symphonies for the creatures. [*Pointedly courtesying to Blundell and Sir Timothy.*] No ice could remain between two such fires without thawing a little.

Sir T. [*Bowing—aside.*] No go—not to be caught !

Blu. [*Slightly bowing—aside.*] Vulgar impudence !—
How unlike *Isabella* !

Jem. [*Aside.*] Them fish is werry hard to hook ; but I'll be *Lady Tadpole* yet.

Sir T. [*Bringing forward a negro.*] Jack Peters !

Peters. Iss, massa Sir Timmy.

Sir T. You remember my directions ?

Peters. Iss, massa ; him got 'em wrote down black-a-man's brain.

Sir T. Good. You will take *Lilly-Finger*, and two or three more of my rascals ; and, on their way to the vessel—

Peters. 'Fore 'em sail, seize the *Missee Isabel* ? Yes, him know.

Sir T. Know, also, where to convey her ?

Peters. Him cabouse—*Spanish Town*.

Sir T. Right. Your skin ought to have been white.

Peters. Wish him had, massa : black not fashionable, only when people die.

Sir T. Hush ! she comes.

[*They retire up.—Exit Peters, R.*]

Enter the HONOURABLE ISABELLA MORVILLE, joyfully, L.

Isa. Oh, uncle ! the time approaches !—A few hours more, and we shall be on our way to dear old England !—The thought makes my heart leap with pleasure.

Blu. A certain proof, Miss *Isabella*, that *Buenos Ayres* contains no one you regret parting from.

Isa. [*Giving her hand.*] Yes, I shall lose a friend in Captain *Blundell* ; but in England I have a father and mother anxiously waiting to fold me to their bosoms. You are a sailor, captain, and cannot wonder at the joyous anticipation of seeing the white cliffs of Albion. When we approach the shore, I shall be the first to cry, "Land, ho ! right a-head !" I really think I was born to be a sailor's wife !

Blu. Heaven grant it, and I the happy sailor!

[Isabella turns away.]

Jem. *[Advancing.]* And can the report be woracious? Surely it's impossible that we are so soon to regret the departure of the Honourable Miss Isabella.

Sir T. *[Coming forward, R.]*

"The sun retires before the night,

And with him takes our all of light;"

as the immortal Robinson Crusoe, or some other poet, says. And will you leave us?

Jem. That's a very nice young man.

All. *[Interposing.]* Our luggage is on board; we shall sail in the evening.

Jem. *[Aside.]* I'm very glad of it. I'll be Lady Tap-pole yet.

[Retires up, and exits L.]

Re-enter JACK PETERS, R.

Peters. Massa Sir Timmy, gennelman want see you.

Sir T. What's his name?

Peters. Him neber ask—fear him forget.

Sir T. Fool! what kind of man is he?

Peters. Oh, nice man—white face handsome; him werry white face;—loose dress fashionable; him werry loose dress—all frill and loop; let him wind in—let him wind out again.—Werry nice man; call me gennelman.

Sir T. Show him him.

[Exit Peters, R.]

Jemmy Jumble. *[Without, R.]* Oh, I'm to walk up, am I? Very well—very well.

Sir T. Who have we here?

Enter JEMMY JUMBLE, R.—his dress the extreme of ragged wretchedness, his face excessively pale and thin, and his feet peeping through his boots.

Jemmy. *[Aside.]* This is really very proper treatment to a gentleman like me. A very nice house; I shall be comfortable enough here. *[Seeing the company.]* Ha! Timmy Tadpole! my buck, how are you? I thought it was you. How do you do, ladies? Servant, gentlemen! *[Adjusting his dress.]* I'm all right—hem!

Sir T. *[Staring at him in astonishment.]* And pray, sir, who are you?

Jemmy. Me?—Come, that's a good one! Don't you remember old Ticklewell's school, at the Long Commons, where young gentlemen were taught and starved upon short commons? I am one of those young gentlemen.

Sir T. Who the devil are you ?

Jemmy. The goodness of your heart is rising into your face ; you are going to embrace me.

Sir T. Curse me, if I am !

Jemmy. You are—you are ! I am Jemmy Jumble.

Sir T. And who's Jemmy Jumble ?

Jemmy. Why, your old schoolfellow—him you used to quilt so.

Sir T. Never saw you before in my life.

Jemmy. Why, haven't I been to your old father's chandler's shop to show my black eye ever so many times.

Omnes. Chandler's shop !

[*Sir Timothy retires up, and sits down thoughtfully, R.*

Blu. (R.) But what has brought you here, my honest man ?

Jemmy. (L.) Honest man !—I can assure you I'm a gentleman.

Blu. I have no doubt of it ; you look like one. But answer my question.

Jemmy. I came to take possession of an estate—a large plantation. I read in the papers of the next of kin ; so I went to a lawyer, and had it all made over to me.

Blu. Well, but where is it ?

Jemmy. I don't know. When I came here, they told me a hurricane had swept it away : now, it must have swept it somewhere ; but, although I've been hunting these last six months, I can't find a bit of it.

All. [*Apart to Blundell.*] My niece is anxious to take her departure without the ceremony of a farewell. Will you accompany us ?

Blu. I will.

[*Music.—They all retire up except Sir Timothy and Jemmy, and exeunt, some at the back through the pillars, the others R. and L.*

Sir T. [*Aside, rising and coming forward.*] I trust Peters will be on the watch : my scornful lady shall not escape me. [*To Jemmy.*] What brought you here, fool ?

Jemmy. I have been telling that gentleman. Oh, he's gone.

Sir T. Why did you come to me ?

Jemmy. I was hungry ; I've had nothing to eat for the last three days but what a brave sailor, Mat Merriton, as he calls himself, gave me. He promised to bring me some slops for my outside ; but I told him I'd had nothing for a long time past but slops for my inside.

Sir T. How did you find me out?

Jemmy. I heard your name from Mat; and, though there was a Sir tacked to it, I thought that might be all gammon. You was always fond of it; you called yourself My Lord at school, because you had a seventy-ninth cousin with a title.

Sir T. I am his heir, sir, the last of the race of Tapoles; and am in possession of his estate.

Jemmy. And no nonsense!

Sir T. My word, sir, is not to be doubted.

Jemmy. Isn't it?—You got that from your cousin, too, eh?—For at school, you know, it was never believed.

Sir T. I will do something for you if you hold your tongue about the shop.

Jemmy. What, the cheese and rushlights?

Sir T. Hush!

Jemmy. Or the red-herrings and the brick-dust?

Sir T. Silence!

Jemmy. [*Laughing.*] Lord! I fancy I can see you now, rubbing your finger round the spout of the tin thing, after serving five farthing's worth of treacle!

Mat Merriton. [*Without, L.*] Now, my lads, keep a look-out for his honour—do ye hear?

Voices. [*Without.*] Aye, aye.

Jemmy. That's him—that's Mat, the sailor who comforted my internals. Sir Tim, my friend, we'll make him welcome.

Enter MAT MERRITON, L.

Mat. No need of side-ropes, lads, for these marble companions. My eyes! here's a cabin all a taunto! [*To Sir Timothy.*] Servant, sir!—Excuse us, your honour.—I've hardly shipped my shore legs yet; but is Captain Blundell—[*Seeing Jemmy Jumble.*] Eh! what! my ragged friend, the plantation-hunter! Come, tip us your flipper. If you haven't found an estate, you seem to have grounded on a pretty smooth bottom here.

Jemmy. Oh, yes, I'm quite at home; take a chair.—[*Introducing.*] My friend, Sir Timothy Tadpole—my friend, [*Laying his hand on his stomach.*] Mat Merriton, of the Ariadne! Sit down. Will you take anything, eh? Ring the bell, Tim.

[*He seats himself—Mat views his own dress, looks at the fine chair, and then edges on it.*]

Sir T. [*Aside.*] Curse these fellows! how shall I rid

myself of them, without spreading the story of the infernal shop all over Buenos Ayres?

Mat. And so you are anchored here? Now, I suppose, you'll sport some new canvass, and new paint and pitch your starn.

Jemmy. Pitch my starn!

Mat. Aye: you've a few seams about your hull want caulking; but in a snug harbour like this, you'll soon rig and vittle.

Jemmy. Oh, yes, I'll vittle.

Mat. You've a tidy bowsprit of your own, but a plaguy white figure-head. Lord love you! you'll soon have the colour up at your mast-head again. But mayhap your honour will tell me if the skipper's aboard. I want to report to him, that the *Rapid* is getting under weigh, to drop down the river before the evening.

Sir T. Ah! so soon? [*Aside.*] I must urge them, then, or she may escape. [*Aloud.*] I will soon return. [*Exit, R.*]

Mat. His honour's heeled to starboard, and is steering right head on to find the skipper, I fancy. My old trousers! but you've a snug berth here—finer than an admiral's cabin. [*Examining the chairs.*] Nice soft anchoring ground, and goolden belaying posts.

Jemmy. [*Drawing the table forward, and pouring out some wine.*] This is the way we gentlemen do the thing. Will you peck a bit?

Mat. Lord love you, no; I've stowed away more than a purser's share already. I'll just freshen my nip with a little of this. [*Drinks.*]

Jemmy. And so you are going to England in the *Rapid*?

Mat. I going to England in a trading craft! Not I: I'm a regular-built man-of-war's man. I left England in a man-of-war, and when I go back to the little island, it shall be in one of her own bulwarks; not in a yellow figure-headed sugar-squeezer—swaddled in cotton, or pickled in pepper!

Re-enter CAPTAIN BLUNDELL, R.

Blu. Merriton!

Mat. [*Rising hastily in confusion, and upsetting the chair.*] Here, your honour. I beg your honour's pardon; I've knocked down the gimcrack; but, you see, I'm ashamed to be found in lavender here. I shan't get the land smell of the roses in this here room out of my nose for a month to come; and as for my clothes, it will quite spoil the scent of the tar.

Blu. Get a boat's crew to carry some despatches for England to the Rapid.

Mat. [*Looking off, c.*] She's getting her anchor up; now, your honour, it's nearly at a short stay.

Blu. [*Impatiently.*] I know—I know; do you obey my orders.

Mat. [*Going.*] Aye, aye. [*Returning.*] But, your honour, I have a favour to beg.

Blu. What is it, Merriton? You are a good seaman; and an officer should never refuse a favour to the man that does his duty.

Mat. I merely wished to ask your honour to let me be one of the crew to take the despatches aboard the Rapid.

Blu. A sweetheart there—eh, Merriton?

Mat. No, your honour; I never had a matter of that sort athwart my heart in all my life time; not that I don't love to see a woman's figure-head, with a smile by way of gilding on it, and to hear their pretty tongues prating, and see their little feet cutting the buckle in a dance, as well as any Jack in the fleet;—but I've an old father and mother, and a little blue-eyed sister, at home: I know they've been fretting and fretting, and I've been thinking and thinking, and saving and saving, ever since I've been at sea;—so, what with thinking and fighting, and doing other duties as a seaman, I've never had time to fall in love, your honour. Only let me ship off my small stock of yellow boys in the Rapid for the old couple and sister, and I'll lay in a cargo of the commodity at the very next port.

Blu. Take charge of the boat yourself, Merriton.

Mat. Thank your honour. Shall I tack a bit, and stand in here presently for the despatches?

Blu. Do so; I will go and prepare them. [*Exit, R.*]

Mat. [*To Jemmy.*] And haven't you got a letter to send?

Jemmy. [*Tipsy.*] No: I never had but one sweetheart; her mother kept a tripe shop at the end of Barbican. She had a hundred and fifty pounds left her; and then her nose took a turn up whenever she saw me, and she told me to box my trotters, for I was no better than cat's meat in her eyes. I hadn't the estate then, which—I haven't got now. But I must just speak to my friend, Sir Tim. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!

[*Staggers off, R.*]

Mat. Well, as ye please. My eye! I fancy I see old father, when the shiners are stowed in his hand. There he stands, smoothing his thin gray hairs down; and the old mother looking over his shoulder, with her clean white cap

on, and her dear old eyes dim with tears. The old man, his heart o'erflowing, is trying to say, "Did Mat send this?"—But he can't, though.—And then the old woman and he hug each other; and little sister, in her red shoes that I bought for her, is clapping her hands, and jumping about the——But, lord love my heart! sister's a woman now; and I'm a lubberly swab to be building such castles. Bless 'em—bless 'em!

[*Exit, L.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment in the House of Sir Timothy Tadpole.*

Enter MISS JEMIMA JENKINSON, MISS FANNY FUBBS, and SKINRAT, L.

Jem. La! my love, what made you think of seeking for me here?

Miss F. Oh, I knew you were always acquainted with great people, and hearing that there was a party here to-night, says I to uncle Skinrat, says I, "Ten to one but Miss Jemima Jenkinson is at Sir Timothy Tadpole's."—"Yes," says he.—So says I, "We'll go."—"We will," says he.

Jem. You were right: my acquaintances are all aristocratic. But you are so perticular—I wonder you came to a ball.

Ski. A ball!—Lord save us! if I had thought the squeaking of fiddles and shuffling of toes had been going on, I would not have come near the house.

Jem. [*Aside, R.*] Vulgar wretches! [*Aloud.*] Well, Miss Fubbs, my love, and what does your uncle want?—Because there's Sir Timothy Tadpole, and Colonel Whity-brown, the rich creole, and Captain Blundell, and twenty other heirarchical friends of mine, waiting for the honour of my hand for the next cowtillion.

Miss F. Uncle Skinrat will tell you; we know you are a capitalist.

Jem. I hope nobody else thinks so, or I shall be pestered by suitors more than I am already. I'm sure, it takes up half my time to read billy-doo.

Miss F. Oh, yes, everybody thinks so; because it was given out, when you first arrived, that you came to buy a large estate.

Jem. How imprudent of my agent!—I shall never forgive him—the careless wretch!

Ski. Man has but few duties to perform in this world,

miss : the first is to make money ; the second to take care of it ; and the third is to say his prayers. I'm very particular in the performance of mine. No man can accuse me of an act of inhumanity ; for I live by skinning animals, and keep a clear conscience. But I'll come to the point at once.

Jem. Do ; you keep me from my titled friends.

Ski. I will ; I never like to keep anything in torture.—There's an Indian village on the coast, where old Clipcoin and I keep agents ; he to buy gold dust—I to buy furs ; and——

Jem. [*Pettishly.*] What has a person of my high connections to do with trade ?

Miss F. Uncle's coming to it now.

Ski. My agent writes me word that he has a splendid cargo of commodities, and that I must bring so much money. Now I haven't quite enough ; but if you'll lend me a little to make it up, I'll mention you every day in my prayers, and you shall share in the profit.

Jem. I have anything to do with your paltry trade !—Insolent !—I, a relation of the Duke of Smithfield, and first cousin to the Marquis of Barbican ! Leave me, base people ! Miss Fanny Fubbs, you and I is no longer acquaintances ! [*She crosses indignantly, and is going off, L.*]

Enter JEMMY JUMBLE, L., meeting her.

Jem. [*Screaming.*] Oh ! [*Aside.*] He here !—I'm ruined !

Jemmy. [*Starting.*] Oh, Barbican ! lost Barbican !

Ski. [*Aside.*] Barbican !—Her cousin, the Marquis, perhaps.

Jem. [*Aside, c.*] All my plans are entirely ruined ;—I shall never be Lady Tadpole !

Jemmy. Well, my pretty Jemima, how are trotters ?

Jem. [*Apart.*] Hush, for Heaven's sake !

Jemmy. I suppose the hundred and fifty makes the double and single go off—eh !

Jem. [*Apart to Jemmy.*] Will you ruin me ?

Ski. [*Aside.*] A hundred and fifty pounds !

Jemmy. How goes cow-heel ?

Miss F. [*Aside.*] Cow-heel !

Jem. [*Recovering herself, rushing to Jemmy, and embracing him.*] Ah ! my dear James !—To see you thus !—You have been shipwrecked.

Jemmy. [*Astonished.*] The devil I have !

Jem. [*Apart to him.*] Hush ! [*Aloud.*] Have you lost the great property with which you came over ?

Jemmy. I've lost the great property for which I came over.

Jem. Indeed !—Oh, dreadful !—But how go on your estates ?

Jemmy. Oh, my estates have gone off.

Jem. Have you sold them ?—Sold them to follow me ? Your vast heriditterey property !

Jemmy. What property ?

Jem. And, then, such a dress !

Jemmy. Oh, never mind : as Mat says, I'm going to new paint and pitch my—all over.

Jem. [*Embracing him.*] Oh, my dear James ! [*Apart to him.*] Say as I say, and I'll make your fortune.

Jemmy. [*Embracing her.*] My dear Jemima ! [*Apart to her.*] Come, none of this gammon, unless the hundred and fifty pounds are safe !

Jem. [*Introducing him.*] My friends, this is my cousin, the Marquis of Barbican.

Jemmy. [*Apart to her, laughing.*] Oh ! oh !—Marquis of Barbican, am I ?

Jem. [*Apart to him.*] For heaven's sake, hold your tongue !—Say as I say.

Jemmy. [*Crossing to L.*] Yes, I'm the Marquis of Barbican—[*Apart to Jemima.*] and Duke of Double Tripe !

Miss F. (R. C.) Happy to see your lordship escaped from such a dreadful shipwreck.

Ski. (R.) It must have been dreadful, indeed : it has almost skinned your lordship.

Jemmy. (C.) That's soon repaired. [*To Skinrat.*] What are you, my good man ?—A tailor, eh ? [*Aside.*] Perhaps he'll stand tick. [*Aloud.*] Are you a tailor, my old cock ?

Jem. No ; he's a most respectable dealer in furs ; he wants to borrow a small sum, and as you, cousin, always loved honest tradespeople——

Jemmy. [*Aside.*] In the cats'-meat line ! [*To Skinrat.*] How much—how much, my good man ?

Ski. Fifty pounds will be enough ; and I shall be back in a few weeks.

Jemmy. [*Loftily.*] You are sure fifty will be enough ? You can have a hundred from me quite as easily. But where are you going ?

Ski. Over land to an Indian village.

Jemmy. I'll go with you ; perhaps I may find my lost estate.

Jem. [*Apart to Skinrat.*] You shall have the money.
[Aside.] I shall get rid of him.

Jemmy. Wait upon me in the evening; we can arrange.

Miss F. Oh, bless you, my lord!—Bless you, Miss Jemina!

Ski. [*Crossing to L.*] I'm an honest man; I wouldn't injure anything! I began life early by skinning the feline species. Come, Fanny. I must arrest old Cowhide, the tanner, and then we'll go to prayers! [*Exeunt, L.*]

Jem. What demon brought you here?

Jemmy. What the devil put it into your head to make me Marquis of Barbican?

Jem. Do you know any one here?

Jemmy. Only Sir Timothy Tadpole and Mat Merriton.

Jem. Sir Timothy Tadpole!—Oh! I'm ruined!

[*She walks to and fro distractedly.*]

Jemmy. [*Following her.*] You're ruined!—What, is the trotter-market done up?—

Jem. Silence, sir!

Jemmy. Or has your old mother failed in business?

Jem. Will you hold your tongue? [*Aside.*] I must make friends with him, or I shall never be Lady Tadpole.
[Coaxing him.] Jemmy, you and I are old friends.

Jemmy. How's the hundred and fifty?

Jem. Never mind that: you must see me home; I have something particular to say to you.

Jemmy. See you home!—Have you a carriage?—Or shall I order the Marquis of Barbican's? [*Laughing.*]
 Ha! ha! ha!

Jem. [*Taking his arm.*] This way.

Jemmy. [*Laughing.*] Countess of Cats'-meat!—Ha! ha!

Jem. Come—come!

[*Exeunt, R.*—*Jemmy continues laughing as she anxiously urges him off.*]

SCENE III.—*A Drinking Cabouse in Spanish Town, near the Port—a door, L. F.—a lantern slung from the top, which is supposed to light the whole room—everything wears the appearance of abject wretchedness.*

HAL HORSFIELD, TOM TOPRAIL, GILES GRATINGS, BLACK GEORGE, and a number of rough Sailors, discovered drinking—a rude laugh as the scene opens.

Hal. (L.) [*Filling his glass.*] Here's a safe voyage to the Rapid, and may none of her passengers die of seasickness!

Omnes. Ha ! ha !—Success to the Rapid !

Hal. I say, George, have you served out the grog to all, eh ? You and I, my old boy, have known each other some time, and never found harm.

George. [*Aside, R.*] Nor much good, either. [*To Hal.*] Ay—all served.

Top. [*To Hal.*] May none of her crew die of sea-sickness !—Why, we have lady-passengers—eh, skipper ?

Gra. Ay, and an old man, with lots of rhino in their luggage.

Hal. And if people do slip overboard, one can't help it, in a small craft like ours.

[*A scream, a noise of voices, and a clash of swords, without—they all start up.*]

Enter JEMMY JUMBLE, hastily, D. F.

Jemmy. Oh, lord ! oh, dear !—Such a fight !—That Mat's the very devil ! We saw some nigger fellows dragging a girl along ; he swore it wasn't fair ; she screamed ; in he darted upon them, and, lord ! how he did lay about him !—He secured the prize, and I brushed off, for I never liked fighting.

George. (R.) Was any one near ?

Jemmy. I saw some soldiers.

George. Soldiers !—I have customers who must not be found here with a row at my doors. [*Jumping on a seat.*] You, gentlemen sailors, know navigation ; so find the way out of the cabouse, for douse goes the glim !

[*He blows out the lantern-light—room dark.*]

Jemmy. [*Dropping on his knees.*] Oh, lord ! I've run out of the frying-pau into the fire !

[*Creeps under the table near the flat, R.*]

George. Horsfield !

Hal. [*Groping about.*] Aye, aye.

George. Follow in my wake, will you ?

Hal. Give us a tow-rope, then. 'Tis but a false alarm.

George. I tell you it might lead to the house being searched ; and then, you know, you have something at stake. This way.

[*Takes his hand.*]

Hal. Starboard, are you ?—Hold on, lads. [*Footsteps heard without.*] Hark !—This way—this way !

[*Exeunt all but Jemmy, R.*]

Mat. [*Without, D. F.*] Ho ! house, ahoy !—Show a light to a ship foundering, if you won't put out a boat to save the crew !

Enter MAT MERRITON, D. F., bearing ISABELLA MORVILLE, insensible, on his shoulder.

Mat. How! all dark!—Take care—no foul play; for here's a king's cutlass in a good hand. Not a word?—Then clear the decks there! [*Flourishing his cutlass all round him.*] So, all's right; and now, my gentle craft, though I haven't a light to take your number, or see whether you are pretty or ugly, white or black, yet you're a woman; and that's enough for a true man's heart to know, be he sailor or land-going lubber. [*Kneeling on one knee, and placing her head on the other.*] Polly—Susan—Nancy!—What's your name?—Come, cheer up—speak to me. I do believe these Ingee-rubber rascals have killed her. Lord help me! I'm hard up in a clinch, and no knife to cut the seizings!

Jemmy. [*Under the table.*] Why, that's Mat's voice!

Mat. [*Tenderly.*] Charlotte, my love! Zounds! I'm but a bad nurse to a woman in a quandary. [*Calling.*] Ho! house, ahoy!

Jemmy. [*Peeping out.*] Is that you, Mr. Merriton?

Mat. Who the devil are you, shipping a purser's handle to my name?—It's I, Mat Merriton. Where are you?

Jemmy. Here—under the table.

Mat. And where the devil's the table?

Jemmy. Over me.

Mat. Psha! come out. If you fight under the black flag, run it up to the mast-head.

Jemmy. [*Creeping from under the table.*] It's I, Jemmy Jumble. I don't fight under any flag, bless you!

Mat. What, Jemmy!—Heave to, my lad, will you, and take charge of this craft, while I try the soundings for a light.

Jemmy. It's of no use—they've put it out.

Mat. Avast! the little pinnace is bearing up. [*Isabella slowly revives.*] There, my lass; take in a reef at the fore—you sail too much by the head. There—there! Do you feel the wind now, eh, my pretty one?

Isa. [*Faintly.*] Now I remember; yes, yes—I was rescued. [*Rising.*] Are you the generous man that saved me?

Mat. Don't talk of that, my lass: when I'm in the same mess, you'll save me, and that will square all scores.

Isa. Oh, take me to my friends!

Mat. So I will, when I know 'em; but I must first get some chart to steer by. Harkye, Jemmy, bear a hand, and hoist a signal-light.

Jemmy. I daren't stir, bless you!

Mat. Then, d'ye hear, take charge of the little lass, and I'll be back in the shipping of a handspike. [*Going.*]

Isa. Nay, do not leave me!

Mat. [*Returning.*] Not leave you! [*Aside.*] How queer it makes a man's heart feel to hear a pretty speaking-trumpet like that passing—"do not leave me!" I don't wonder at the shore-going lubbers getting married;—I'll get spliced myself, if it be only to possess such music. Avast, Mat! [*To Isabella.*] I'll be back in a twinkling, my pretty lass. [*Exit, D. F.*]

Isa. (L.) He is gone!—For what am I reserved?—What will be the terrors of my aunt and uncle? The vessel will put to sea, and I shall be left surrounded by enemies!

Re-enter BLACK GEORGE, cautiously, R. U. E., listening.

Jemmy. (R.) I hope Mat won't be long, ma'am: it's a hawful situation to leave two innocent people in, all alone in the dark!

Isa. Ha! who are you?

Jemmy. Quite a gentleman, I assure you, ma'am—Mr. James Jumble, proprietor of a kind of parapatetic estate, that walks off arm-in-arm with a hurricane, just as one comes to take possession of it.

George. [*Aside, crossing to L.*] The sailor has gone, then. A bold stroke might restore all.

Isa. Are you alone?

Jemmy. Yes, quite alone.

George. [*Aside.*] Good! [*He advances towards Isabella.*]

Jemmy. I don't think so; I prefer company.

George. [*Seizing Isabella by the arm.*] This way, miss. I'll lead you to your friends.

Isa. 'Tis not the same voice!—Who are you?

George. The sailor, miss, who rescued you.

Jemmy. [*Aside.*] That's a lie!—There'll be another fight! [*He feels his way up, and creeps under the table.*]

Isa. [*Alarmed.*] Oh! I cannot be deceived!—Unhand me!

George. [*Dragging her off, L.*] This way—this way!

Isa. [*Screaming.*] Help! help! oh!

Blundell. [*Without.*] 'Tis her voice—follow me!

[*George looses his hold, and hurries off, R.—Isabella drops on her knees.*]

Enter CAPTAIN BLUNDELL, MR. ALLENBY, and two Sailors, with torches, D. F.

Blu. Ah, Miss Morville!—Thank Heaven! we have found you. [*Raising her.*]

All. We have sought through the whole city for you.

Blu. What villain has done this?

Isa. [*Faintly.*] Question me not now; lead me to my aunt; I am sick with terror! But for a brave sailor, I—
Oh! uncle, for mercy's sake, lead me hence!

All. The ship has already dropped down the river, and we must hasten on board.

Isa. [*Nearly exhausted.*] Anywhere, so I escape from this place.

Blu. Lead her into the air; it will revive her.

All. This way—this way!

[Exeunt, conducting Isabella off, L.]

Jemmy. [*Peeping from under the table.*] I'm in another scrape!—A pretty neighbourhood I've got into!—The Marquis of Barbican is likely to lose his life as well as his estate! [*Crawling from under the table.*] Now how shall I find my way out?—What shall I do if I run over any more of 'em? There isn't always a table to fly to.

Mat Merriton. [*Without.*] Yo ho, there, in the hold! I've got a light.

Re-enter MAT MERRITON, with a torch, D. F.—*Jemmy feels his way, and darts towards the table.*

Mat. [*Looking about.*] Where's the young thing that—

Jemmy. She's gone.

Mat. Gone!—Arn't you a pretty lubber?—Where is she, eh?

Jemmy. We were in the dark; somebody came and took hold of her; he said he was you.

Mat. A pirate, under false colours! Well, what did you do, then?

Jemmy. Do!—Why, I got under the table.

Mat. You skulking coward!

Jemmy. Then another somebody came in, and the first somebody ran away.

Mat. Which way did they take the girl? [*Seizing him.*] Keep a sharp look out, you lubberly swab! and pilot me in her wake, or, d—me! I'll throttle you!

Jemmy. [*Trembling.*] I'm a gentleman!

Mat. Gentle!—You're not a man, or you'd have nailed your flag to the mast when you fought for a woman!

Jemmy. Bless you, I never fight at all!

Mat. So it seems. Croud all sail; show the way, or I'll chop a hole in your truck, big enough to stick the staff of a seventy-four's bunting in!—Heave a head, or Davy Jones and you shall be visiting acquaintances!

[Exit, shaking Jemmy, and shoving him out, D. F.]

SCENE IV.—*Between Decks of the Rapid—the rolling Sea seen through the aft-windows—a gun heard.*

Enter HAL HORSFIELD and TOM TOPRAIL, R.

Top. There's a gun fired from the frigate for the Rapid to heave to.

Hal. Curse the frigate!—We haven't seen the signal, d'ye mark?—So bend on, I say: we've a stiff breeze, and we shall hear no more of the Ariadne.

Top. Belay there, Master Skipper: she's the swiftest sailer in the navy; she'd pounce on the Rapid like a hawk.

Hal. The devil seize her sailors, and may the sharks have her captain! If he hadn't chosen to build his nest there in the harbour, I could have even entered the port. *[A gun heard.]* There! she's talking again. Pass the word to heave to. *[Exit Toprail, L.]* The lady-birds are on board, and the gray-head—

Re-enter TOPRAIL, hastily, L.

What's in the wind now?

Top. A boat has pulled out of the harbour from the Ariadne.

Hal. A love message from one of the officers, or some such boys' play, I suppose. Sailors have turned milk-sops, since they docked their tails, and invited each other to tea-parties. But who's at the wheel?

Top. Giles Gratings.

Hal. All's right, then. Where's the young petticoat?

Top. Standing with the white up in her face, looking over the taffrail.

Hal. A neat craft, that!—*If* any accident should happen to the old people, she'll make a devilish pretty sarver out of slops aboard the Rapid.

Top. You're right, skipper; I shouldn't care if she was all my own.

Hal. Thank ye for nothing; I'm the skipper. *[Laughing.]* Ha! ha! ha! *[Looking off, L.]* But here she comes; top your boom, Tom, and see the ship put right before the wind the moment the despatches are on board.

Top. Aye, aye. *[Bows respectfully, and exit, D. F.]*

Enter MR. ALLENBY and ISABELLA, L.

All. I perceive a boat approaching ; comes she not from the Ariadne, captain ?

Hal. She does, sir.

All. Some message, no doubt, from Captain Blundell. My niece is ill from the effects of her late fright, and wishes to retire to her cabin ;—you will therefore convey our compliments to the captain, and tell him we are all safe on board.

Hal. I will, sir.

[*Crosses to R.*

Isa. And say, that I shall ever remember his services with the kindest gratitude.

Hal. Yes, miss. [*Aside.*] A small smite there, I reckon. Poor thing ! 'tis a pity she'll never see him again ! [*Exit, R.*

Isa. I know not why, uncle, but I do not like that man : there is a something in his look which makes me tremble.

All. 'Tis his rough habit, my love : the sons of the sea are rude, but honest.

Isa. I love a sailor from my heart ; their very harshness has a genuine warmth in it, dear to every woman ; but that man——

All. Come, let me conduct you to your cabin.

Voices. [*Without.*] Yo, ho !—Throw out a rope—d'ye hear ?

All. The boat is alongside. Come, Isabella ; you look ill ; the late mysterious attack has quite unnerved you.

Isa. It has, indeed, uncle.

[*Exeunt, L.*

Enter MAT MERRITON and HAL HORSFIELD, R.

Mat. So, you are the skipper of this craft, are you ?—A taut little thing, fit for something better than carrying sugar and cockroaches ; so I've come to put you in commission, you see.

Hal. [*Starting.*] What d'ye say ?

Mat. Lord love you ! don't alarm yourself. Our compliment's full : I have'nt come, as the lubbers who write for the newspapers say, "on the press ;" but I've got a little stock of money, which I want you to convoy to my old father—will you ? You're bound for Plymouth ; he anchors at Cawsand Bay ; so it's not much out of your course.

Hal. What's the amount ?

Mat. A matter of fifty pounds. 'Tis not much, but it's my all. Will you take it to him, Master Skipper ?

Hal. To be sure I will; I'd do anything for a good son, who wishes to serve an old worn-out father.

Mat. Tip us your flipper!—My old trousers! you're one after my own heart! You'll soon know him; he's a fine old chap—stands six feet high without his shoes, and is a better man than ever his son will be. [*Giving a purse.*] There's the money. [*Horsfield receives it with a look of artful cunning.*] Tell him, will you, that I have nine years' prize-money to take; and that when I reach home, I'll pour it all into the old mother's lap. You'll soon find it; 'tis the neatest home in Cawsand Bay; though they do sand the deck, instead of holy-stoning it; and mother—
[*Dashes away a tear.*]

Hal. I honour you for it, my man. [*Aside.*] An infernal milksop! [*Aloud.*] They shall have the money.

Mat. Thank ye—thank ye!—They tell me your name's Horsfield: that's enough. I know you're an honest man, and I shall be happy. That fifty pounds, little as it is, will be a fortune to them. But, avast! avast!—While I'm talking with you about the old people, I'm forgetting that I've a despatch from Captain Blundell for one of your passengers—Mr. Allenby. [*Giving a packet.*] There it is.—And now, as we shall have a dark pull back, farewell.

[*Going.*]

Hal. [*Aside.*] And a long pull, too. I ordered Gratings to stand before the wind.

Mat. [*Returning.*] I say, Master Skipper, take a tar's advice, and don't hug the land: you'll have a squally night, and a squall comes on in these latitudes sometimes before you can take in a reef.

Hal. Aye, aye; I know them.

[*Voices and confusion on deck.*]

MUSIC.—*Re-enter TOPRAIL, hastily, L.*

Top. [*To Horsfield.*] There's a white squall right ahead;—you are wanted on deck.

Mat. The devil there is!—It may overtake us before we reach the harbour.

Top. [*Making a sign to Horsfield.*] That's certain, Master Junk. [*Great confusion on deck.*]

Mat. It's on us now. To the deck! to the deck!

[*Shouts and noise as they rush off, R.*]

SCENE V.—*The open Sea, nearly dark.—The Rapid discovered beating about in a squall—thunder and light-*

*—Sung—*HAL HORSFIELD and SAILORS *seen on deck, endeavouring to work the vessel—the mast breaks with a terrific crash, and all is confusion on board—the Rapid sinks—the sea covers the wreck—the moon emerges from the heavy clouds—green fire is lighted up, and a raft, on which ISABELLA and MAT MERRITON are seen floating, passes from the extreme corner, R. U. E., to L. U. E.; and when it reaches the centre, the scene closes.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Break of day.—A desolate and rocky Coast—the sea still agitated—portions of a wrecked vessel and trunks laying about—a large fire, c.*

HAL HORSFIELD and TOPRAIL *discovered, each with a small keg slung under his arm—GRATINGS, with a box of biscuits—MAT MERRITON sitting on a trunk, c.—and ISABELLA MORVILLE, laying apparently lifeless on the beach—her head resting on Mat's knee, while he is busily employed chaffing her temples and hands, endeavouring to restore animation—the others are collecting trinkets, and drinking from the rum kegs.*

Hal. (L.) So, at last, Davy Jones has got the good ship Rapid.

Top. (R. c.) Aye, and some bold hearts with her, Master Horsfield.

Gra. (R.) And a good store of rhino in the old man's luggage.

Hal. If the sea would but turn us up that trunk!—

Mat. (c.) Hark ye, my lads—pass us a little of that rum, just to wet the young thing's lips.

Hal. [Advancing, L.] Oh, the young thing's lips are wet enough with salt water; she'll never open them again. You must be plaguy soft in your upper-works to go fishing for dead bodies, when you were within a rope's-end of being one yourself.

Mat. I'm soft enough to know how to do my duty, you growling grampus! Pass the rum, I say!

Hal. Top. & Gra. Not a drop! not a drop!

Hal. Come, let us look what the sea has washed up.

[Exeunt Horsfield, Toprail, and Gratings, R.]

Mat. [*Looking after them.*] Oh! may it choke you! Ha! life's hoisting the red flag in her pretty face! [*Calling after them.*] Look at her, you lubberly swabs!—Will you be more cruel than the roaring seas? Come, my little lass; I'm not one of them that carries aromatic vinegar and salts about 'em, but if kindness and good wishes will serve to bail out misfortune's bilge-water, my old trousers! but you shall have plenty of 'em. There—that's right; open your pretty head-lights; you'll have a sorry look-out, but open them, and thank Heaven's mercy.

Isa. [*Recovering.*] Where—where am I?

Mat. That's more than I can tell you, my pretty lass.

Isa. [*Starting, and looking round her.*] Are they all gone?—Am I alone?—Who are you?—I do not know you.

Mat. You mustn't mind that now, my pretty one—but I'm Mat Merriton, of the *Ariadne*.

Isa. [*As if recollecting.*] The *Ariadne*!

Mat. Aye, and a more unlucky dog-fish never swam the ocean of life; but, if you'll take my word for it, my girl, I'm an honest fellow, and will never do you harm.

Isa. What is to become of me? Alone, here—none to care for me, and——

Mat. Avast there, my lass; I picked you up, and I'll never be the lubber to leave you without convoy in your distress; but come, come—you mustn't whimper—drive the chill off; this is a savage coast, and if you cry and tremble thus, you'll lose all your strength.

Isa. You say truly; Providence has saved me for its own wise purposes, while it destroyed my relatives; I will endeavour to sustain myself, that I may be worthy of its holy aid.

Mat. That's a brave lass, eat a bit of biseuit; the merciless sharks have carried off the rum cask, and so——

[*He goes near the fire, picks up a biscuit, and as he turns with an encouraging countenance towards Isabella, he sees her on her knees in prayer—he gazes on her with awkward reverence, till she drops her head on her hands, and sinks on the ground.*]

Mat. [*Aside.*] Bless my old trousers! may I never see Old England again, if I don't think she's "The sweet little cherub, that sits up aloft, to keep watch"—as the song says. [*Advancing to Isabella.*] But, come my pretty lass, you mustn't founder in smooth water—cheerly, cheerly, a fair wind may blow us into some snug harbour, before long.

[*He raises her tenderly.*]

Re-enter HAL HORSFIELD, TOPRAIL, and GRATINGS, R.

Hal. [*Eyeing Isabella.*] How's this?—A skulker added to our mess! What can we do in this wilderness, with a woman hanging on us?

[Isabella alarmed, clings to Mat for protection.]

Mat. [*Apart to her.*] Cheerly, don't be afraid. You see, shipmates, I have contrived to cheer up the pretty pinnace. I told her she was among men—sailors every inch—and that she needn't be afraid of us. But what have you done, shipmates, while I have been looking after the lass?

Hal. Fished up the dead, and emptied their pockets.

Isa. [*Alarmed.*] Heavens!

Mat. Cheerly, lass.—And you buried them?

Hal. Buried them. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! When the tide rises, it will carry them out to sea; the sharks are the undertakers here, they'll bury them, I warrant you.

Mat. [*Repressing her alarm, and stifling his own feelings.*] Well, my lads, here we are, without rudder or compass; but let us steer for the clearest part of yon forest; we may find a track, and——

Hal. Aye, aye, let's top our booms at once.

Mat. Right a-head, then—give way. Come, my girl.

Hal. Why, you're not going to carry that ballast with you, are you?

Top. & Gra. No—no!

Isa. [*To Mat.*] If you are a man——

Mat. If I am a man! They shall find me one; why, you skulking swabs—mind, I wish to be civil—you rascals, this is a woman—a woman in a wild desert, with only you to aid her; and would you leave her to perish? Is this your gratitude to heaven for saving you from the wreck? Hark ye: if Providence don't repent of its mercy, it is because we have this good girl along with us; and while I have an arm to hold her up, she shall never drop.

Isa. [*Looking steadfastly at him.*] Merriton!

Mat. That's my name; it's on the ship's books of the Ariadne, and never had an R. to it; and if any of you dare to——Lord, I am blowing great guns for nothing, for I know you didn't mean it. No, no—forgive me, shipmates, all's right; and now, my pretty, before we weigh, eat a bit.

[Offering a biscuit.]

Isa. No, no—I cannot touch it.

Hal. It may be a dainty bit by to-morrow; aye, as dainty a morsel as yourself.

[Isabella shudders, and falls on Merriton.]

Mat. Don't be alarmed, lass, it's but a joke—heave a-head, lads. *[Aside.]* The scoundrels! *[Aloud.]* I'll take care of the girl, she shall be no trouble to you. Come, cheer up, sweet—there, there. They are all friends! *[Aside.]* The rascals! I wish I had them one at a time!

[Exeunt Horsfield, Toprail, and Gratings, grumbling, R., Mat following, with Isabella.]

SCENE II.—*A thick Forest—a high bank near, R. S. E.*

Enter HAL HORSFIELD, TOPRAIL, and GRATINGS, L.

Hal. I tell you, we must be on the main land, we shall drop upon some Indian village or other; but, if that lubber astern is going to tow the woman in his wake, we shall be on short allowance long before the end of our trip.

Gra. Then let us part company, and leave them to perish together.

Top. Right; what do we know of them, that we should risk our lives in their service?

Hal. The girl's a taut-built little pinnace enough; and it's all very well to think of such things when one's out of the shoals and breakers.

Mat. *[Without, L.]* Hollo, there! back water, my lads! the poor girl is tired, and nearly exhausted.

Enter MAT MERRITON, supporting ISABELLA, L.

Mat. There, cheerly, lass—let us stick by one another in our trouble. I have taken you in tow, and will bear you safe into port, unless I founder myself.

Hal. (R.) You must eat a bit, my pretty dear, and I'll give you some of my share of the rum keg.

Isa. *[Shuddering, and crossing to R.]* No, no!—I thank you, I cannot eat—give me water, water!

Hal. You'll get no water here. Come, my lads, bring yourselves to an anchor, and let's look over the stores.

[Retires up, c.]

Mat. And do you rest yourself, my little lass. *[Taking off his jacket, and spreading it on the bank, R. S. E.]* There, I wish I could make you a better bed, but fatigue will sing your lullaby; lie down upon my jacket—you

mustn't mind the smell of the tar ; after a snooze, you'll be more yourself. Come, my pretty one, come.

Isa. Providence, indeed, seems to have made you my guardian angel.

Top. (L.) Guardian angel ! rather rough in the feathers for one of that craft.

Hal. (L. c.) I'm apt to think the lass likes him best as a man ; she's no bad judge, either. [*The sailors all laugh.*]

Mat. (c.) Avast, there ! avast, you lubbers ! is this a time for your rascally jokes, when death is this moment at your heels ? Let the young woman alone—she's safe enough in my company, but curse me if I think she would be so in either of yours.

[*The sailors all laugh, while Isabella clings to Mat.*]

Hal. Short stock, shipmates ; all our biscuits are in that bag. Hark ye, my lad : do you look to the lass, and we'll look to the stores ; and as for death, a duck in the brine was never meant for my harm. This is the third wreck I've been in, and I've spun over the yawning waves like a top : however, we are safe and sound—the devil take the rest.

Isa. [*Shuddering.*] Wretches !

Mat. Hush ! don't be afraid ; but lie down, and I'll watch by you.

Isa. (R.) I will do as you wish [*Reclining on the bank.*] but I dare not sleep.

Mat. Well, well—tired nature, my lass, will take the watch in her own hands. [*Spreading his jacket.*] There, there—I wish I had another jacket to put over your pretty head. If those swabs had the hearts of men, they'd know better than to keep their lubberly carcasses in cotton ; but no matter—softly, sweet eyes, softly. [*He takes off his neckerchief, and spreads over her ; and as she closes her eyes, he steals softly over to the sailors.*] Spite of herself, my lads, the girl will sleep.

Hal. And when she does, eh, shipmate ! a little kiss might——

Mat. [*Starting back.*] No, no—you only joke—you are men, not devils ; you are joking, to be sure. [*To Hal.*] You are an honest man ; I gave you my little stock for the old father, but the sharks have got it now, and——But come, lads, if we stick together, we may weather the roughest gale.

Hal. Aye, aye ! Come, take a pull at the rum.

[*Mat drinks, and then crosses softly to Isabella.*]

Mat. She sleeps, so make no noise ; and I'll mount one of the high trees there-away, and look out for some landmark. I shall be within hail—rest yourselves, and don't disturb her.

Sailors. Aye, aye !

[*Hal Horsfield, Toprail, and Gratings, lay down to rest—Mat Merriton surveys them cautiously, and thinking them asleep, exits, R. U. E.—Horsfield watches him off, and makes a sign to Toprail and Gratings—they all rise.*]

Hal. [*Crossing to Isabella, R.*] She's a pretty flower to find in a desert ; 'twould be wrong to pass by without tasting its sweetness.

[*He stoops to kiss her ; she wakes, and falls on her knees.*]

Isa. [*Shrieking.*] Oh, mercy !—Merriton ! Merriton !

Hal. [*Seizing her.*] It's of no use piping all hands, my lass. Merriton isn't here ; and if he were, we are three to one.

Isa. What mean you ?

Hal. That you are mine, in spite of your fair-weather fancy Jack there—mine ! [*Attempting to kiss her.*] So let us seal the bargain.

Isa. [*Struggling.*] Villain ! Is there no help ! [*Calling.*] Merriton ! Oh, heavens ! kill me, rather than suffer this. Mercy !—help, help !—If you are men you will assist me. [*The sailors laugh.*] God ! am I reserved for this—off—off ! [*Shrieks.*] Ha !

Hal. You are mine !—I only can save you.

Re-enter MAT MERRITON, hastily, R. U. E.—he seizes Hal Horsfield, hurls him round, and with a terrific blow strikes him to the ground—a pause—Hal Horsfield, Toprail, and Gratings, rush on him with their knives—Mat draws his cutlass, passes his arm round Isabella, and the Sailors draw back.

Mat. [*Defying them, R.*] So ! you cowardly pirates ! you don't like the boarding iron, eh ! Look at 'em, my pretty lass ; did you ever see three such lubberly skulkers ? You forgot I hadn't time to unship my side-arms ; look, it's a regular broad R. boarder, and in a hand that knows how to use it.

Hal. Fool !—What can you do against three ?

Mat. Three !—You bull-headed dog ! there's three to three : here's my good arm, this good cutlass, and this good girl,—strong in her innocence. We are more than enough for three such sneaking cook's swabbers ; so have at you !

Hal. [*To Toprail.*] If I fail in a dash in, seize the provision, and crowd all sail. Now——

[*They rush on Mat—he cuts down Horsfield, who drops his knife, and falls, R.—Toprail and Gratings close with Mat—Isabella, snatching up Horsfield's knife, stabs Toprail, and he falls—Mat throws Gratings over his shoulder.*

Mat. [*Catching Isabella in his arm, and standing in an attitude of defiance.*] Bravely done! I wouldn't wish a better or sharper hand at a gun in a hard chase. Well, my blackbirds, how do you like yourselves?

Hal. [*Binding up his arm.*] Hark ye, Mat Merriton! Hal Horsfield tells you, that if famine spares you, you shall one day bitterly repent this. [*To Toprail and Gratings, rising, and pointing to the provisions.*] Away, lads; and leave them to perish in the wilderness.

[*Gratings seizes the bag of biscuits, and Toprail, though suffering from his wound, seizes the keg of rum—they laugh, tauntingly, and exeunt, R. U. E.*

Mat. They're not sailors, they're jail-birds, running head on to the gibbet, or else they'd have gone down in the squall.

Isa. Whither are they gone?

Mat. To the devil, I hope, my lass.

Isa. [*Dropping on her knees.*] Thank heaven they have gone!—Oh! I do indeed thank God.

Mat. If they had left us a morsel to eat, it would have been quite as well for the bread-room.

Isa. [*Rising.*] Better to starve alone, than to live with them.

Mat. [*Aside.*] Bless her heart, she an't afraid of me. What brought you all the way to Buenos Ayres, eh?

Isa. [*Looking at him with doubt and confusion—aside.*] Did he know my rank, I might lose his aid. I came out as attendant to Mrs. Allenby. But I feel faint.

Mat. (R.) You must—you must. When I mounted a tree thereaway, things looked greener a little to starboard; some river, I guess. Come, I'll carry you to it; but by what name shall I drink to you?

Isa. They call me Isabella——

Mat. Isabella! That's a long name. I'll call you pretty Bella; and may every heart wish you as well as I do! Come. [*He lifts her on his left arm, but staggers back.*

Isa. What is the matter?

Mat. Nothing, my sweet Bella; I bruised my arm a little in the wreck, and those infernal sharks have given it a bit of a slew.

Isa. [*Tenderly.*] You will die here alone.

Mat. Die!—No, I shall live to see you safe into port.

Isa. I was not thinking of myself.

Mat. What, all for me! You've cured my arm; but don't let your tears fall like sharp shot into my heart—dry your eyes; let me wipe them off, my sweet Bella.

[*He approaches, as if to kiss her—her look and action arrest him—he starts with self-reproach.*]

Mat. [*Confused.*] I ax pardon, lady,—that is, my pretty Bella; I don't doubt you think I'm a shark, like those a-head. But forgive me; take my hand—and—and Mat Merriton will be a brother to you.

Isa. I believe you, Merriton—I trust myself to you, without fear; there is my hand.

Mat. And when I betray my trust, may I founder in the black gulf of the world's hate! Come, I know there's a stream a-head; lean on me—I meant no harm, pretty Bella—none, as I am a sailor.

[*Exeunt, R. S. E.*]

SCENE III.—*An Indian Village, and picturesque Country.*

MUSIC.—*Indians and Traders, male and female, discovered—SKINRAT and CLIPCOIN bargaining with them—HAL HORSFIELD, TOPRAIL, and GRATINGS, distributing the remains of the rum keg—JEMMY JUMBLE dancing among the Indians—MRS. SKINRAT and MISS FANNY FUBBS sit apart.*

Jemmy. Egad! this is comfortable—this must be the estate I'm in search of. I wouldn't mind settling here: how many wives do they allow a man in these parts—eh, Mrs. Skinrat?

Mrs. S. (L.) How many!—Oh, horrible! Mr. S. shall never come again, if they allow more than one; there's no knowing what it might lead a man of his virtuous principles to think of.

Jemmy. (R.) Don't be afraid; bless you, I've heard him say that he found one too much.

Mrs. S. Eh! what, he said so? [*Calling.*] Skinrat!

Ski. [*Coming forward, L. c.*] I have just settled, my dear; neighbour Clipcoin has made his bargain, and we'll soon start on our return.

Mrs. S. Then I shall say no more till I get you home, and then——

Ski. [*To Jemmy.*] What does she mean? I've made a good bargain; we shall clear one hundred and fifty per cent. by the bargain: these poor savages, I pity them; they know nothing of religion—they're easily cheated.

Jemmy. Miss Fubbs, my love, suppose we stay and enlighten the natives; let you and I remain, and live in a state of nature.

Miss F. Oh, horrible!—Oh, my lord!

Hal. [*Coming forward, c., and touching Jemmy's shoulder.*] I think I have seen you before, though under different rig——

Jemmy. Different rig!—I trust you'll remember I'm a gentleman.

Hal. A gentleman skin-dealer, eh?—I think you were the battered craft that ran into Black George's cabouse, in Spanish Town, and spread the alarm of some niggers carrying off a girl.

Jemmy. Yes, they put out the light, and left me in the dark for my trouble.

Hal. Your bunting was rather of the ragged order, then; but how comes it that the girl called you my lord?

Miss F. Oh! he is a lord, bless you—the Marquis of Barbican.

Hal. The what?—Ha, ha!—Hark ye, shipmates.

Jemmy. I've lost my estates; the title's going to follow.

Hal. Did you ever see the Marquis of Barbican? Look there, my lads, there's the Earl of Cowcross and Marquis of—[*Laughing.*] Ho! ho! ho!

[*The sailors push Jemmy about, shouting and laughing.*]

Hal. [*To Sailors.*] All's right; there will only be the two old men—the gold dust and money shall be ours on the road.

Sailors. Aye, aye.

Ski. My good men, I am much obliged to you for stripping an impostor of his skin, for he says I owe him fifty pounds. I, a man of wealth, as neighbour Clipcoin knows, I owe him money! Ha, a wretch! Religion teaches us to hate a liar.

Mrs. S. & Miss F. [*To Jemmy.*] Ah, wretch!

Jemmy. Well, I suppose I am a wretch; I suppose I didn't lend him the money I got from Sir Tim; I suppose I shall be left behind; and then I suppose those gentlemen who live in a state of nature will eat me, and sell my

skin to that old rascal. Oh, Jemmy, Jemmy! you should never have lost yourself by coming after a lost estate!

Mat Merriton. [*Without, L.*] Help! help!

Enter MAT MERRITON, L., with ISABELLA, insensible, on his shoulder.

Mat. If there be Christian souls here, help two shipwrecked sufferers. [*He places Isabella on the ground, c.*

Hal. [*To the Sailors.*] He here!—Confusion!

Mat. (R.) [*Exhausted.*] Though my eyes are so dim, I see women among you. Look here; look at this innocent, taken right aback by a gale of misery.

Jemmy. [*Running to him, R.*] Mr. Merriton, is that you?—Yes; and I know the poor girl, too, though I don't know who she is.

Mat. Lift her pretty head from the hard earth, will you, lad; softly, softly, I fear she's dead. But—are you women, or are you fiends?—There's the loveliest little craft that ever—[*Seeing Horsfield.*] Oh! I see now—I—I, my pretty Bella. Come here, lass, I am strong yet, and I'll stand by you—I'll——

[*He fixes his eye on Hal Horsfield, and, while attempting to draw his sword, falls by the side of Isabella—the females are going to assist her.*

Hal. Avast! avast there, misses!—they deserve their fate; they sailed in the same ship with us. As for the girl, here, I have much to tell you.

[*They gather round, and listen to him with astonishment.*

Mat. So, we must perish in sight of port.

Hal. Do you hear him?—He is known to her.

[*An Indian girl goes off, R., and returns with water; Mat drinks, and then laves the hands and brow of Isabella—the traders, &c. are going off, when Mat appeals to them in action, but they pass without noticing, and exeunt, followed by Hal Horsfield, laughing sarcastically, and pointing to Isabella and to his wounded arm.*

Mat. Nature assists her. [*To the Indians.*] God bless you! and may you all be rated in the log-book aloft for your kindness to this frail bark! Jemmy, my boy, what are you about?

Jemmy. Blubbering like a baby.

Mat. And well you may, to see such a pretty flower as this under the heel of those who have not the heart to love it in its bloom. Is there no Christian here to aid us?

Westfield. [*Advancing, &c.*] Yes, my son, here is one, with Heaven's help, will aid you. I am a servant of that Providence which has watched you though the desert; the humble instrument of instruction in the true faith, to these benighted, but virtuous and grateful people. Come to my cottage, and all that I can do to assist you shall be done.

Mat. (R.) Do you hear, my pretty Bella?—Come. [*Attempting to carry her.*] Lord love me! I never felt so like a child!—But her hand is getting warmer. Oh, dear! I could cry with gratitude!

[*Westfield and the Indian Girls assist Isabella—Jemmy Jumble supports Mat; and as they are going, Hal Horsfield, Toprail, and Gratings, return L., and watch them off, R. U. E., as the scene closes.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Interior of Westfield's Hut, exceedingly neat—a window and door, L. F.—a fire-place near the door, L., with a poker in the fire—chairs and table near C. F.*

Enter WESTFIELD and two Indian Girls, supporting ISABELLA, partially recovered, followed by MAT MERRITON, D. F.

Mat. [*Tenderly placing Isabella in a chair.*] So, we are in some sort of a port at last, my lass.

Isa. (C.) Where? where?

Wes. (R.) Among friends, my poor girl.

Mat. Ay, safe at last. Come, cheerly—cheerly!

Isa. Ha! I remember—the wreck—the desert—those wretches! And where—where is he? [*Starting up, and gazing wildly.*] Ah! my friend—my saviour—my deliverer! you are here, and I am safe!

[*Music.—She rushes to Mat, and throws herself on her knees—he raises and takes her in his arms—she starts away on a sudden recollection, but returns and gives her hand, from the impulse of gratitude.*]

Mat. [*To Westfield.*] This pretty flower was worth saving from the storm, Mr. Missionary. I'd be wrecked ten times a week to preserve my pretty Bella.

Enter JEMMY JUMBLE, in alarm, D. F.

Jemmy. They're going—they're going! Oh, Mr. Parson! go and preach to them!—Mr. Sailor, go and fight

with them! Those rascally sailors have been giving you and miss a pretty character.

Mat. Have they dared to say anything against Bella?

Jemmy. Have they!—Lord bless you! such things, that the traders' wives turned up their eyes, and grunted like pigs at a methodist.

Mat. Do you take charge of the convoy for two minutes. [*To Isabella, who clings to him.*] I won't quarrel, my pretty one; I'll just give one or two of the lubbers a salt eel. Mind, Jemmy, I leave you officer of the watch; I won't be long. My old trousers! but I'll be aboard the pirates! [*Exit, D. F.*]

[*Isabella throws herself into a chair, and lays her head on the table.*]

Jemmy. Sha'n't I be in for it, if Mat says I told him! Like a good general, I'll fortify. [*Going to the door.*] Not a bolt on the door!—Lord bless me! what a horrible thing!—Why, they couldn't keep out a rogue;—but I suppose they don't know what a rogue is here: if they were in civilised society, they soon would. [*Driving a fork into the latch.*] There, they can't lift it now.

[*Jemmy places his back against the door—a loud knocking heard—Isabella rises in alarm.*]

Jemmy. Who's there?

Hal Horsfield. [*Without.*] Open the door, Mat Merri-ton!—'Tis I, Hal Horsfield. I come to tell you, that the caravan will be starting; and if you don't look sharp, why——

Jemmy. Oh! we have looked sharp, bless you! It's no go!

Hal. [*Without.*] Open the door!

Isa. [*Clinging to Jemmy.*] For Heaven's sake, no!

Jemmy. Not exactly. I'm one of those kind of soldiers who are very brave, but who fight best in ambush.

Hal. [*Knocking.*] Open the door, I say! Here are three of us.

Jemmy. [*Imitating Mat.*] Oh! that's nothing: here are nine of us—six men and three women. [*Calling and answering in different voices.*] Peter Wilkins! here.—Jemmy Jenkins! here.—Paddy Larkins! here. It won't do; so cut your cable, coil up your anchor, get your vessel under weigh, and missle. [*Aside.*] Come, that's nautical!

Hal. [*Without.*] We'll force the door.

Jemmy. [*Aside.*] Oh, lord! if they do——

Isa. Do not desert me!

Jemmy. I can't; there's no back way out.

Voices. [*Without.*] Force the door! force the door!

Jemmy. [*Observing the poker in the fire red hot.*] Ha!
[*Taking it out.*] Stand back! [*Aside.*] or I'll fire the red hot poker at you!

[*A hand is put through to lift the latch—Jemmy places the poker on it, and it is instantly withdrawn.*]

Jemmy. [*Capering about delighted.*] Who's next?—
Who's next?

[*Toprail puts his head in at the small window, L. F.*
—*Jemmy instantly claps the poker on his cheek—*
a volley of curses are heard without, and a momentary silence ensues—Jemmy runs to warm the
poker—Isabella clings to an Indian Girl—a loud
crash is heard, and the door is burst open.

Enter HAL HORSFIELD, TOPRAIL, and GRATINGS.—
Jemmy keeps them at bay with the poker.

Hal. [*Advancing to Isabella.*] Cut the throat of that fool!

Jemmy. I'll save you the trouble, bless you: I'll cut my stick!

[*Toprail and Gratings chase him round—Hal Horsfield seizes Isabella, who screams—exeunt, D. F.*]

SCENE V.—*The Indian Village.*

Enter WESTFIELD, SKINRAT, and Traders, L.

Wes. This way, my friends; I will convince you, yonder is my cottage.

Ski. Don't let us go any farther; cut off the hind feet if the skin don't come easy. Let us go.

MUSIC.—Enter HAL HORSFIELD, L., *dragging in* ISABELLA, *followed by* JEMMY JUMBLE, GRATINGS, and TOPRAIL—*Jemmy still annoying them with the poker.*

Wes. [*Interposing.*] Nay, nay!—When man should aid his fellow-man, the attempt to do him harm is doubly sinful. How have these sufferers injured you?

Hal. 'Tis not a very pleasant thing for a man to see his wife taken from him.

Omnes. His wife!

Jemmy. Your wife!—What a thumping lie!

Hal. How do you know?

Enter MAT MERRITON, *hastily*, L. U. E.

Mat. But I do, you cowardly pirate! you devil's own bird!—and there's One aloft knows it also. She your wife!—Was the poor hunted flying-fish ever mated with the dolphin or the shark, its destroyers? Your wife!—Why, the angels and old Beelzebub would as soon serve together on the yards, as this pretty little pinnace sail in your company.

Hal. She's my wife, I say.

Isa. [*Beseechingly.*] Oh, no!—believe him not! If you are women, you will pity me; if you are men, you will protect me! But for this brave sailor, I must have perished in the storm—I must have fallen in the desert, beneath a fate more dreadful. Oh! save me from that wretch! As I gaze upon him, my blood grows chilly within my veins, and maddening terror seizes on my brain. Save me—shield me from his power!

Wes. This is the voice of truth. [*To Horsfield.*] Man, she is not wed to you.

Mrs. S. (R.) She shall not travel in my company without I know she's the wife of somebody. I'm a woman of character.

Ski. (R.) Yes, we've a reputation to lose.

Wes. And if she do not travel with you, she is lost: she cannot live for twelve months in the desert.

Ski. I always do things humanely: it's only two hundred leagues—let her walk.

Mat. (c.) Why, you skin-robbing scoundrel! you filcher of poor animals' jackets! if you put in your confounded oar again, I'll sink you as I would a pirate. She has already walked until her pretty feet are sore. Take her in your lubberly craft, and I'll give you all I'm worth in the world; [*Taking out some dollars from his belt.*] for I gave my store into the paws of that grampus. [*Pointing to Horsfield.*] Here—take it, [*Throwing the purse to Skinrat.*] 'tis yours, and we'll walk.

Jemmy. Yes, and I'll forgive you the fifty pounds.

Ski. And give me a receipt?

Jemmy. To be sure I will, if you get me a sixpenny stamp.

Mat. [*Shaking hands with Jemmy.*] Lord love you, lad! you're a true heart, after all.

Hal. (R. c.) And so I'm to be robbed of my wife?

Isa. (L. c.) I am not his wife!

Hal. [*Pointing to Mat.*] You are not his, are you?

Isa. Oh, no! no!

Hal. [*Appealing to the Traders.*] You hear.

Mrs. S. [*To Isabella.*] Then more shame for you!

Miss F. Oh, horrible! dreadful! I wouldn't enter a conveyance with one of your stamp for worlds!

Isa. [*Aside.*] What can they mean?

Wes. It is plain, my child, the wicked sometimes prevail: 'tis hard your fellow-creatures should prove more cruel to you than the raging elements. One way of escape alone remains. This brave man is every way worthy of you: become his wife.

Isa. [*Starting.*] His wife!

Wes. Ay;—thus you will prove the falsehood of this ruffian, and give the generous sailor a right and title to defend you.

Mrs. S. And on that condition alone shall she ride with us. I'm a woman of virtue.

Jemmy. [*Aside.*] Nobody would try to shake it!

Wes. What is it my child fears? She says she is herself of humble birth.

Isa. [*Aside.*] Oh, fatal falsehood!—I said I was an attendant! Must I give up father—mother—rank?—*His wife!*

Mat. [*Catching her as she staggers back.*] Don't fear, my pretty Bella; I'll love you better than all the world.

Isa. Love!


Mat. Ay; better than I love ship, mess, or messmate. You shall be my life—I'll be a husband—

Isa. [*Recoiling.*] Husband!

Hal. You see she dare not; she is mine already.

Isa. [*Almost fainting, but by an effort recovering herself.*] Not thine!—Anything but that! [*Rushing into the arms of Mat.*] I am thine!

END OF ACT II.

 *A period of two years is supposed to have elapsed between the second and third acts.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Plymouth Harbour, with Docks, Shipping, &c.—a public-house, with a large window, R.—a tailor's bulk below it, with a board suspended, on which is*

badly written, "James Jumble, Tailor—repairs neatly done. N. B. No credit."—a house, L. 3d E., with a board over the door, on which is written, "Washing and Ironing done here by me, Mrs. Tadpole."

MUSIC.—JEMMY JUMBLE, *in his bulk*, SAILORS, BOATMEN, GIRLS, &c., *discovered seated on benches, R., fiddling, laughing, and talking.*

A TRIPLE HORNPIPE.

Jemmy. You seem to be all right there, my hearties.—
[*Coming out.*] Haven't you a drop for poor Jemmy?

Boatman. (L.) Ay, ay; drink to the Ariadne. My eyes! how proudly she came into harbour, towing the Frenchman in her wake! [*They rise and come forward.*]

Jemmy. Ah, I wish you were all my customers; but I must go to work.

Boatman. No more work to-day. A lot of the brave boys of the frigate are coming ashore; we'll give them just such another salute as they gave the enemy. No more work.

Jemmy. I tell you, I must work, or my child will be wanting its dinner.

Girl. Why, you haven't got a child, or a wife either.—I intend to stick up to you myself.

Jemmy. Can you make button-holes, and fine-draw?—When I get no work, I get no meat; then I'm obliged to draw it fine enough;—and when there's no serving out of grog, as the blue jackets would say, why, my mouth itself makes a button-hole.
[*They all laugh.*]

Enter MRS. TADPOLE, (formerly Miss Jemima Jenkinson) from the house, L. U. E., with a wash-tub.

Mrs. T. [*Crossing to Jemmy.*] Is that job done, Mr. Jumble?

Jemmy. Only wants pressing, Mrs. Tadpole.

Mrs. T. Then make haste, and press them, will you, Jemmy? and I'll step in and second those shirts for the gentlemen in prison.
[*Going.*]

Jemmy. I say, Mrs. Tadpole, you may as well take them with you. [*Handing a pair of trousers, with a great patch on them.*] You see I hadn't any of the exact colour.

Mrs. T. [*Folding them up.*] For shame! It doesn't matter about the colour, for I suppose he'll never see the outside of the jail again. Oh, dear! it's a sad thing, Mr.

J., that I, who have rid in my carriage, should be obliged to rub—rub all day at the wash-tub!

Jemmy. And I, that had once an estate I never saw, to be patching unmentionables!

Mrs. T. Well, I must go and get those shirts done, for there's some of my customers lying in bed till I take them back. La! I must tell you I had sich a dream last night about the sailor as was married in the deserts. I thought I saw him in a gold-laced hat, with a pig-tail as long and as thick as your arm, and a large sack of money slung over his shoulder on a handspike. But I must get the shirts done; so good by, and thank you for seating the unpronounceables! *[Exit into the house, L. 3d E.]*

Jemmy. Did you see that woman, my lads? She was once a lady of title, and rode in a carriage.

Sailors. No!

Jemmy. And I was a marquis—of her making, mind you; Marquis of Barbican.

Sailors. [Laughing.] Oh!—Ha! ha! ha!

Boatman. Spinning a yarn again, *Jemmy*, eh! I'm blessed if you don't patch up a story better than a pair of breeches.

Jemmy. [Drinking.] Did I ever tell you about my defending a cottage with a red-hot poker, and scalding nineteen men with a kettle of soup?

Omnes. [Groaning] Ho! ho!

Jemmy. True, every word, I assure you; I have a witness at home can prove it. *[Retires up.]*

[A gun fired—loud and distant shouts heard.]

Boatman. There! the brave fellows are landing now.—They've made the captain a lord, and he deserved it, too; for this is the third prize he has sent into English ports within the year. *[Shouts heard without.]* Here they come.

Enter several SAILORS, joyously, L. U. E.—they are cordially welcomed by the others—MAT MERRITON follows, melancholy and thoughtful, in a warrant-officer's uniform—the Sailors point him out, and as he comes forward, they all shout.

Mat. [Starting from his abstraction.] Welcome, shipmates, to old England's shores once more. Many of you have fathers, mothers, and sweethearts—some have a wife; but I have nothing—not one left—not a soul to welcome me!

Sailor. You will drink with us, Master Merriton?

Boatman. Do, sir ; your whole country welcomes you. Come, drink the health of your noble captain, whose life you saved.

Mat. Thank ye, lads, thank ye ; but my heart's sprung a leak of misery this many a day ;—no friendly shot will knock me out of my number ; and I suppose after all I shall be fitted by some swab of a black box maker, instead of getting a clean hammock and a shot at my feet, as a sailor ought to have, when he's rigged out for Gravesend.

Sailor. Come, cheerly, Master Merriton, cheerly. It struck me you sought death in the fight.

Mat. I did, lad ; but there's One aloft knows best when to stopper life's cable. Come, here's the health of Lord Blaydon ; a better or braver officer never trod the planks of a British quarter-deck. God bless him ! *[Drinks.]*

Omnes. Hurra ! hurra ! hurra !

Jemmy. *[Seeing Mat's face.]* Hurra ! — 'Tis he ! — Hurra ! hurra !

[In his hurry to approach Mat, he stumbles over the forms, and rolls at his feet.]

Mat. (c.) Belay, belay there, messmate !—What kind of craft have we here ?

Jemmy. (R. C.) *[Getting up and seizing Mat's hand.]* How are you ?—I'm so glad you're alive !—Oh, dear ! oh, dear ! how glad I am to see you !

Mat. *[Looking stedfastly at him.]* Who have we here ? Surely I should know that face. Take the red cover from your truck, and let's overhaul your jolly old mug.—Why, no—yes it is ! *[Recognising him.]* What, my ragged plantation hunter !—Give us your flipper. *[Squeezing his hand violently.]* How are you ?—Where have you been ? What rigging's this ? Up with your answering pendant. Lord love you !

Jemmy. *[Shaking his hand in pain.]* Oh, my finger !—I shan't be able to feel a needle for the next month !

Mat. What, one of the cabbaging craft, eh ? No matter ; the heart's in the right place. Give us your hand again.

Jemmy. *[Hesitating.]* Well, there's the same—it can't be much worse.

Mat. *[To the Sailors.]* Excuse me, shipmates ; but I've seen this queer-looking Chinese junk under different colours. Jemmy, do you remember Buenos Ayres ?

Jemmy. To be sure I do. *[To the Sailors.]* Now who'll doubt my yarns ?

Mat. And the desert—eh, Jemmy?

Jemmy. Aye; and the fight, and the wedding—

Mat. [*Starting.*] Avast!—You've set my heart beating against my ribs, like an ebb shore on a coral shoal. Don't—don't talk of that!

Jemmy. And why not?—How's my old friend, Isabella? Is your wife here, eh?

Mat. [*Agitated.*] Don't ask me, lad; I haven't my pretty Bella now.

Jemmy. How!—Dead?

Mat. No, no; but she left poor Mat in his distress the moment we got to Buenos Ayres. I did but leave her at the inn to procure refreshment; when I came back, she had cut her cable, and I've never seen her since.

Jemmy. And you hardly saw her all the journey; for we men rode by ourselves. Perhaps those sailors—

Mat. No: to give the devil his due, they had no hand in it. However, to make all sure, I gave the three of them a sound drubbing. She was gone like lightning; I scudded in chase of her, but all in vain. I loved her; I never knew what love was till I tumbled into the trap in the desert; and then, to make up for lost time, I shipped double allowance.

Jemmy. She was an ungrateful—

Mat. Hush! say nothing against her. I went every day in search of her, and half the dollars the captain gave me to new rig with, I left at the inn for her; because I thought she might come back, and there would be no Mat near to help her. With the dollars I left her my blessing; we put to sea, and never returned.

Jemmy. Well, well; you must cheer up. I'll shut up shop, and take home my job; then we'll try the soundings of the grub coast, as you call it. The goose in my shop is rather tough; and there's not much cabbage got out of repairs.

Mat. [*Forcing a smile.*] We'll have a jorum of punch to the navy, and vittle here, eh?—a can of flip to sweet-hearts and wives—aye, wives, though they do sometimes run from their moorings. [*Giving money to Jemmy.*] There's something to rosin the fiddle with.

Jemmy. Won't I comfort my internals!—I'll get some bread and 'backy, and ham and beef; then we'll borrow some plates from the public-house here—regular blue and white ones—and do it in style in Mrs. Tadpole's room.

Mat. Mrs. Tadpole!

Jemmy. Ay, she that married Sir Timothy at Buenos Ayres; but there turned out to be another Sir Timothy Tadpole, and he popped my friend into prison; so poor Lady Tadpole is now poor Mrs. Tadpole, the washerwoman; she contrives to squeeze a livelihood out of shirt collars and dirty stockings.

Mat. And supports her husband in prison?

Jemmy. Yes.

Mat. She's a lass, then, after my own heart.

Re-enter MRS. TADPOLE from the house, L. 3d E., with a basket of linen.

Mat. [*To Jemmy.*] That's the craft, isn't it? [*To Mrs. Tadpole.*] Tip us your flipper, my lady. Jemmy tells me that you've so much of the heart of a woman, Lord bless you for it! as to stick by your husband in the time of distress. You shall have money enough to steer him clear of the bilboes, and then we'll all have a jollication. What say you?

Mrs. T. Oh, bless you, sir!—And will you indeed release my poor Tim?—I'll just run and take the pail off the stairs, and make the room tidy, and——

Jemmy. But what shall we do for a table-cloth?

Mrs. T. Here's one I had to wash; I can easily rub it out again.

Jemmy. That's all right. I once heard of a tailor who pawned one man's breeches till he got the money for mending another man's coat. I never did it.

[*A Sailor, after reading a newspaper, shows it round to the others, and they all shout "Hurra!"*]

Mat. Belay there, shipmates!—What's the signal?

Sailor. The paper here says, the captain's going to be married.

Mat. Why, how the devil does the paper know that?—Let's overhaul the log, will you? [*The Sailor points out the passage—Mat takes the paper, and reads.*] “MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—To-morrow will be married, at St. George's, Hanover Square, Sir Richard”—Lord! what a long name!—“son of”—Um!—“to the Honourable Miss Mary Allensby, daughter of—” Allensby!—Why, that was the name of the family that sailed in the Rapid.

Mrs. T. I knowed them very well.

Mat. There was a sweet craft called Isabella kept convoy with them.

Mrs. T. She was my particular friend.

Mat. Lord love you! [*Reading from the paper.*] “*And it is confidently reported, that the gallant captain, Lord Blaydon*”—that’s the captain’s name—“*will, at the same time, lead to the altar the cousin of the bride, the Honourable—*” I see! [*Dashing down the paper.*] The fog’s clearing away. The captain may be able to throw a light upon my poor brain about Bella. I shall find her yet. Bear a hand, Jemmy; keep the can afloat, my boy; crowd all sail for London and my pretty Bella! You’d know her again, Jemmy?

Jemmy. To be sure I should.

Mat. [*To Mrs. Tadpole.*] And you, too—here, [*Giving her money.*] sink the washing-tub, my lady; get your husband out of limbo, and take a berth in the cabin of the coach;—I and Jemmy will mount the deck, find Bella, and we’ll be all happy together. [*Exit Mrs. Tadpole, courtesying, L.*] My old trousers! I’m so rejoiced already—my heart’s up in my mouth! [*Throwing dollars to the Sailors.*] There’s money for you, shipmates—keep it up!—[*The fiddle strikes up, and the Lasses and Sailors dance.*] Hurra! my lads—heave a head! bear a hand! hurra!—Bella! Bella!

[*Exit, hastily, L. U. E., kicking over the washing-tub, dragging off Jemmy, waving his hat, and hurraing. The scene closes amidst fiddling, dancing, and cheering.*]

SCENE II. — London. — A splendid Apartment in the house of Mr. Morville.

Enter the HONOURABLE MR. MORVILLE, R., with a letter in his hand, followed by MRS. MORVILLE.

Mrs. M. And so Captain Blundell is created a lord?

Mor. Yes, in reward for his services. The old family title has been restored. But that is not all: he writes that his love for Isabella is more ardent than ever, and once more makes her an offer of his hand. We must not let the girl’s folly reject him again.

Mrs. M. What can be the cause of her melancholy?—For nearly two years, from the moment the first joy of meeting her parents was over, I have observed it. She is more placid now, but her grief is not less settled.

Mor. At first I thought it was sorrow for the loss of her aunt and uncle in the *Rapid*; but with surprise I found,

that every offer of marriage she received added to her grief.

Mrs. M. Blundell alone is received with joy ; her eyes sparkle at his name. I could almost persuade myself she loved him.

Mor. Her large fortune renders her a fitting match for a peer ; and Lord Blaydon is every way worthy of her. I fear some degrading attachment formed at Buenos Ayres, which she cannot master, but which pride keeps a secret.

Enter FANNY FUBBS, hastily, R., habited as a waiting-maid, and crosses to L.

Mrs. M. Stay, Fanny ; where are you going ?

Fan. Miss Isabella has just come in, ma'am ; I don't know what's the matter with her.

Mrs. M. Is she ill ?

Fan. She nearly fainted in the carriage, ma'am, because some men were crying papers in the street about the victory of the Ariadne.

Mrs. M. It's very strange !

Mor. [*Aside.*] The Ariadne !—That is Blundell's ship. [*To Fanny.*] You have lived with my daughter nearly a year now.

Fan. Yes, sir.

Mor. You served her in Buenos Ayres.

Fan. No, sir ; I was a lady there.

Mor. Um !—She engaged you, however, because she knew you there.

Fan. Yes, sir ; because I knew her there.

Mor. Do you know the cause of her melancholy ?

Fan. [*Going.*] La ! sir, how should I ?

Mor. Stay, Fanny, I command you, girl.

Fan. What, and leave miss to faint ? She is my mistress, and nobody else. [*Exit, R.*]

Mrs. M. The impertinence of that girl is unbearable.

Mor. And her power over Isabella inconceivable.

Enter a SERVANT, L.

Ser. Lord Blaydon.

[*Bows and exits, L.*]

Enter LORD BLAYDON, L., in the uniform of a post-captain.

Mor. Welcome, my lord, and right glad I am to call you so !—Welcome from the storm and the battle once more, crowned with victory !

Mrs. M. I need not say, that every woman's heart cries welcome !

Bla. [*Shaking hands with them.*] Thank ye ! — We have indeed achieved a daring conquest ; but you say, madam, every woman's heart bids us welcome : where is the charming Isabella ? — Does hers respond to that sweet cry ?

Re-enter FANNY FUBBS, L., and crossing to R.

Mor. She shall answer for herself, my lord. Fanny, inform your mistress we would wish to see her ; but if she is still unwell, we'll visit her. [*Exit Fanny, L.*]

Bla. Is my sweet Isabella ill ?

Mrs. M. A trifling faintness. Pray, my lord, was she remarkable for melancholy in Buenos Ayres ?

Bla. She was the soul of wit, and the delight of every heart.

Mor. Strange—very strange !

Mrs. M. Here she comes.

Re-enter FANNY, L., ushering in ISABELLA, elegantly attired, and wearing a gold chain round her neck.

Isa. Mother — [*Seeing Blaydon, her countenance is lighted up with a momentary expression of pleasure.*] Welcome to the brave ! [*Giving her hand.*] And you have again shown the flag of victory at the mast-head of the dear Ariadne !

Bla. [*Joyfully.*] The dear Ariadne !

Isa. [*Confused.*] Yes—I had a friend once—who——

Mrs. M. Isabella !

Isa. [*Weeping.*] Mother—I—pardon me ; I am very happy to see Captain Blundell—I mean, Lord Blaydon.— [*To him.*] But I am not well ; your goodness will excuse me.

Mor. My lord, you are doubly welcome just now : to-morrow a ward of mine, a cousin of Isabella's, is to be married. Stay with us, my lord ; and, if you can prevail on Isabella, give us a repetition of the same trouble.

[*Excunt Mr. and Mrs. Morville, R.—Isabella stands immersed in a reverie, examining something attached to her neck-chain.*]

Bla. [*Surveying her for a moment—aside.*] What utter misery, yet what resignation ! But I cannot speak of love and marriage to a heart of tears. [*Advancing towards her.*] Isabella !

Isa. [*Not noticing him.*] The Ariadne—yes—yes !

Bla. [*Aside.*] The name of my ship!

Isa. [*Still absorbed in thought.*] And I fled! [*Bitterly.*] Oh, pride! pride!

Bla. [*Aside.*] There is some secret here; it were unmanly not to rouse her. [*Taking her hand.*] Miss Morville!

Isa. [*Starting.*] Yes, you have had a victory; I heard them in the street boasting of it; the people were rejoicing in the valour of their heroes. You must feel a pride in the approbation of a whole nation. [*Fervently.*] I love a sailor! [*Checking herself.*] I—pardon—I——

Bla. Miss Morville, there is something in your bosom which must for ever destroy my hopes. I will not again urge my suit—I will not dare to pry into your secret.

Isa. Secret!—Who said I had a secret?

Bla. I will not even dare to say you have. Although I must lose all hope of ever becoming your husband, I proffer, on the honest word of a seaman, that I will be a brother to you.

Isa. [*Screaming.*] Oh, agony!—That proffer has been made—the pledge has been fulfilled—and I have been unworthy!

Bla. [*Tenderly.*] Miss Morville, you alarm me; suffer me to conduct you to your room.

Isa. [*Firmly, recovering herself.*] Blundell—my friend—I have a secret: like consuming fire, 'tis gnawing me; but do not reveal the little you already know; think of me only as a sister. I trust to your honour—you will not betray me! Leave me till I have mastered my misery!—Go! go! [*Wildly hurrying off Blundell, R.*] My brain is bursting!

[*A pause—she remains for a moment as if in prayer.*]

Re-enter FANNY, L.

Fan. Why, that's your old lover, Captain Blundell.

Isa. (R.) Leave me!

Fan. (L.) I remember him at Buenos Ayres. How surprised he'd be if he knew of your marriage in the——

Isa. [*Starting, and looking fearfully around.*] Hush!

Fan. Oh, there's nobody here but me, and you know I was present.

Isa. But you promised——

Fan. To be sure I did; but I want some new things for the wedding to-morrow.

Isa. [*Taking a chair.*] Take the money from my desk; begone, and be silent!

Fan. [*Aside, going.*] This secret's a fortune to me.—Uncle Skinrat used to say, when you catches a hanimal, never let him go away in his jacket. [*Exit, L.*]

Isa. What am I to do? This fatal secret renders me the slave of yon mercenary creature. Oh, pride! how art thou punished!—base ingratitude! how art thou rewarded!

Enter a SERVANT, L.

Ser. A stranger, madam, wishes to see you.

Isa. Some tradesman?

Ser. No, madam, a sailor.

Isa. [*Starting from her seat.*] A sailor!—Should it be—Admit him. [*Exit Servant, L.*] Does he live?—Has he found—Has the brave—the generous Merriton come to claim his ungrateful, but still loving wife? Ha! he is here. My eyes grow dim; I dare not—

[*She rushes across, R.*]

Enter HAL HORSFIELD, L., raggedly attired.

Isa. [*Shrieking.*] Ah! that ruffian!

[*Sinks almost fainting on the chair, R. c.*]

Hal. [*Surveying her insolently.*] You were a pretty craft in the desert, but now you are a first-rater. [*She rises feebly, and is going, R.*] Why, you are not going to leave your old friend so soon?—Your trim is altered since we first met. [*Looking round.*] You have parted convoy, too. Where's Mat Merriton? A wife's house should be her husband's; but you gave him the slip at Buenos Ayres; you are of the lady breed; and had he known your worth, he needn't have fought so stoutly for you. I couldn't wish him worse fare than he has got from you.

Isa. [*Aside.*] True—true! [*Recovering herself.*] Begone!—Is your insolence madness, that you dare thus insult me?—I who know you to be the basest of mankind!

Hal. Good words, mistress, if you please. We can both talk over other people's failings. I see you don't care for my company. I saw you in your carriage to-day; so, says I, as Mat Merriton isn't here to share it, mayhap she'll be generous to Hal Horsfield. I can keep a secret for a pretty girl.

Isa. Secret!—What secret?

Hal. Why, you are Mat's wife, yet no one knows it here; you are called Miss Morville. Did you ever know a flying-fish take its prey out of a shark's mouth?

Isa. What would you have me—Ha! my father!

Re-enter MR. and MRS. MORVILLE, R.—Isabella makes an imploring sign to Horsfield.

Mor. [Surprised.] Who is this stranger, Isabella?

Isa. (R.) One of the sailors who escaped the wreck, and passed through the desert with me.

Hal. [Crossing to c.] Yes, your honour, I was cast away with miss; we managed to take care of her, and I'm glad to find her so snugly anchored.

Mor. And I rejoice to see the brave sailor whom Providence so graciously sent to her in her distress. You shall not go unrewarded. [Taking out his pocket-book.] Here, my good fellow, here is a ten-pound note for you; call in a few days, and I will provide for you permanently.

Hal. [Going, L.] Thank your honour. I——

Isa. [Crossing rapidly to him, and giving her purse unseen.] Yes, call in a few days, and then see me. Go—go! not a word! [Hurrying him off, and bursting into an hysterical laugh.] Saved! saved!—Ha! ha! ha!

[*She falls insensible, and the scene closes.*]

SCENE III.—A Street in London.

Enter JEMMY JUMBLE, L., with a carpet-bag, a leathern trunk, bundles, &c.

Jemmy. [Topsy.] Mat said he'd come to the coach office the moment I arrived. Why couldn't he have stopped in Plymouth till his luggage was got ready? Here have I travelled up all the way this Guy; for it took all the money he left to get Timmy Tadpole out of prison. All the passengers were laughing at me, and even Mr. and Mrs. Tadpole cut me on the coach. I'll try to find out Grosvenor Square. Mr. and Mrs. Tadpole have gone to look after the old woman and the tripe shop in Barbican.—Marquis of—[Laughing.] Ha! ha! ha! I'm a pretty looking sort of a marquis!

[*Going, R.*]

Enter MRS. TADPOLE, L.

Mrs. T. [Calling.] Mr. Jumble!—La! where are you going?—It's a lucky thing I saw you. Why didn't you stay at the office till we came back?

Jemmy. I stopped till I could hardly see which was Mat's luggage.

Mrs. T. Oh, la! you're drunk!

Jemmy. Not a bit, bless you, not a bit; but there are so many public-houses and breweries in London, that the air has a great effect on us country people.

Mrs. T. Well, you must come back with me; we have made it up with mother, and Tadpole has gone off to his old master in the city, to try to get a situation; but what we're to do with you I can't tell.

Jemmy. Mat's going to set me up in the tailoring line; he says he cuts out ships, and I shall cut out coats.

Mrs. T. [*Taking his arm.*] Come, let us go back to the coach-office, or we shall miss Mat. We'll have a coach, and go in a body.

Jemmy. So we will go in a body; I won't go outside any more to be laughed at. [*Exeunt, arm in arm, R. S. E.*]

SCENE IV.—*A splendidly illuminated Ball-Room, sumptuously furnished, opening on a beautiful garden.*

Enter ISABELLA, L. U. E., elegantly dressed, and holding in her hand a dollar attached to her neck-chain.

Isa. Oh! fatal falsehood! cursed pride! to what have ye reduced my life?—To one chain of never-ending lie!—Look around you, Pride, and feast your gloating eyes on splendour—look within, and sicken at despair! The saviour of my life—the guardian of my honour—the husband of my love, as two long years of misery have shown——

[*Kissing the dollar, and folding it to her bosom.*]

Enter MRS. MORVILLE, L. U. E.

Mrs. M. [*Anxiously.*] Isabella, what is that dollar?—What memorial is it?

Isa. It is my all: do not—do not ask me further! If you knew, you would hate—despise—loathe me! Leave me to my misery; I am unworthy of you!

Mrs. M. To what fearful thought does this give rise? Speak, I command you!

Isa. Never!—Better had the waves have swallowed me, than given back so vile a being to your arms!

Mrs. M. Oh, my child! what horror is in those words! I implore you, as you love me—by the affection I have always shown you, reveal to your trembling mother——

Isa. [*Kneeling.*] The wild raging sea had cast me senseless on the coast, dripping and in rags: I need not then have knelt—I then deserved a place upon your bosom; but now I kneel—I kiss the dust before you! Oh, mother! do not hate me!

Mrs. M. [*Raising her.*] Nay, this is madness, Isa-

bella : why should I hate you ? Calm yourself ; the party are assembling for your cousin's wedding ; the bride expects her bridesmaid.

Isa. I will not go ; my presence would bring a curse upon her !

Enter MR. MORVILLE and LORD BLAYDON, L. U. E.

Mor. Isabella, your cousin expects you ; the priest will be in waiting.

Isa. Let her go alone, if she would be happy. I dare never look upon a priest again !

Enter a SERVANT, L.

Ser. A sea-faring man, Miss Isabella, entreats to see you.

Isa. [*Alarmed.*] Tell him to begone—I cannot see him now ; bid him begone !

Mor. Not so ; admit him ; I will sift this mystery.—Send him up instantly. [*Exit Servant, L.*]

Isa. [*Faintly.*] No ! oh ! no !

Mor. I will know the meaning of all this.

Bla. It were best that I retire ; Miss Morville will pardon me.

Isa. [*Firmly.*] No, my lord ; you are an honourable man, and shall know the worst : you shall see how one false step can degrade even the most sensitively alive to virtue. Father, the man you are about to behold is a ruffian : listen not to him, and you shall know all !

Mor. Mercy !—Has the villain dared——

Isa. Oh, silence, father, silence !

[*She throws herself into her mother's arms, and hides her face—a pause.*]

Enter MAT MERRITON, L.—he humbly bows around—

Mr. Morville eyes him with suspicion—Lord Blaydon is attending to Isabella up L.

Mor. [*Sternly to Mat.*] What do you want with my daughter ?

Mat. (L.) If her name is Isabella, your honour, I wish to know if she is the Isabella I once knew.

[*Isabella, hearing his voice, starts and shrieks—she crosses hastily to R. C., and sees Mat L.*]

Isa. [*Joyfully.*] Merriton ! it is Merriton !

[*She rushes across to Mat, throws herself at his feet, and clings to his knee in a delirium.*]

Mat. [*Much affected.*] Bella! my pretty Bella!

Isa. [*Rising.*] Forgive me! [*Showing him the dollar.*] Look—this is your gift—yours!

[*She throws herself into his arms—he kisses her forehead, and presses her, quite overcome with joy, to his heart.*]

Mor. [*Enraged.*] What means this frantic conduct?—Release her from your grasp!

Mat. [*Staggering.*] No, no!

[*Clinging to Isabella, he sinks on a chair, she kneeling by his side.*]

Bla. Merriton, by what right dare you thus——

Mat. [*Rising.*] Avast, your honour: she's my wife.

Omnes. [*In astonishment.*] Wife!

Mat. Yes, my wife—my pretty bright-eyed Bella—my bride in the desert—my prize—my life!

[*Kissing her forehead.*]

Mor. (c.) Fellow, are you mad? Isabella—wretched girl! have you nothing to say against this degrading falsehood?

Mat. (L.) [*Indignantly.*] Falsehood! [*Checking himself.*] But you're her father: mayhap you think I've come for some of your riches. Keep your gold: give your blessing to your daughter; I want no more; I've plenty of prize-money. She's mine: we were forced to get spliced to save her life; 'twas among the savages, warn't it, my sweet lass?—But Master Parson made you mine—eh, my pretty one?

Mrs. M. Are you so lost, Isabella? — Do you not deny it?

Isa. I am his wife; but for him you would have cursed the sea that did not swallow me. We were in the desert with three ruffians; I had no friend but him; he was my saviour there—my faithful brother, while I remained near him. A fearful necessity united us. Frown not, dear father: though I stand so elevated now, I was then but a wretched wanderer, scorned to the very dust, and existing but in the protection of this generous arm!

Mat. My sweet Bella! when my heart ceases to love you, it will no longer beat in poor Mat's breast!

Mor. My lord, what am I to think of this?

Bla. Believe every word you have heard spoken, true; for I well know the wild valour and open-hearted genero-

sity of that noble-minded seaman ; and 'tis to him that I owe the preservation of my life. For the last two years I have observed that something heavily hung on his mind ; and this discovery clears up the mystery.

Mor. Merriton, my daughter is deeply indebted to you for your protection ; I am bound to be as grateful as a father should be ; but she can never be your wife.

Mat. But she *is* my wife, your honour—she is ! Had I beheld her as she now is, mayhap I should never have dreamed of her being so ; but when I first met her, your rank and your gold were unknown to me : she was a pale, drooping girl, friendless, and nearly dying on a desert shore, thrown for aid and protection on a poor tar. Fate spliced us, and gave me a right to her, that I'll yield to no man breathing. To be sure, she is in glorious trim now, but you may unrig her to the last stay : I only want my own sweet lass, such as I got her from the missionary of the desert.

Mor. Are you aware that, from the circumstances attending the marriage—from Isabella's being under age at the time, the law can invalidate your union ?

Mat. Oh ! no, no !—Can it ?

Mor. It can.

Isa. [*Fervently.*] Thank God it can !—for Merriton will now be convinced that affection, not necessity, is the bond of his claim over me. Merriton, if you can forgive me, take me ; there is my hand.

Mor. All opposition is useless. Heaven has strangely united you : may it continue to bless and protect you !

Mat. [*Much affected.*] Oh ! madam—sir—your honour—

Bla. Your fair bride shall not receive from me a husband unentitled to the rank she moves in. I therefore present to you, Merriton, the command of the Thetis privateer, the property of my uncle, now fitting for sea ; and there, sir, is your appointment to the first step, [*Giving a paper.*] entitling you to walk the quarter-deck in his majesty's navy ;—time, and your own courage, must do the rest.

Mat. Oh ! your honour, time shall do the rest ! Do you hear, my sweet Bella ?—Poor Mat will mount the white-wash boards, and the gold swabs for the shoulder already heave in sight !

Mrs. M. A mother's blessing light upon your union !

[*A distant chime of bells heard.*]

Enter Male and Female Visitors, C. D. F.

Mat. Hark ! there's the wedding peal. No time for spinning long yarns now ; but I must make bold to ask one question : is there lady or lowly lass, seaman or landsman, alow or aloft, here, that can blame my pretty Bella for marrying one, whose only boast is, that his commander is pleased to think him——

Bla. [*Advancing to the front, c.*] EVERY INCH A SAILOR !

[*The bells strike a merry peal—Isabella rushes into Mat's arms, and the curtain descends.*]

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Visitors.

Visitors.

Visitors.

MRS. MOR.

ISABELLA.

MAT.

MR. MOR.

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